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Contemporary Dramatist Series

The Sorceress

Victorien Sardou

Authorized Translation by Charles A. Wenner



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Contemporary Dramatists Series

THE SORCERESS

A Drama in Five Acts

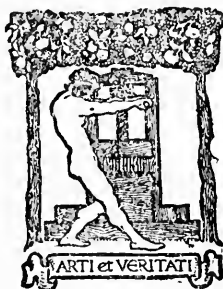
BY

VICTORIEN SARDOU

Authorized Translation from the French by

CHARLES A. WEISSERT

With an Introduction by the Translator



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TO THE MEMORY
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON SOUTH, JR.

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SARDOU AND HIS WORK

I

Victorien Sardou was born in Paris on September 7, 1831. His father, a native of the vicinity of Cannes on the Mediterranean, came to Paris in 1819 and followed a variety of scholastic pursuits. His mother was a resident of the ancient city of Troyes. Victorien's father finally engaged in literary work, edited text books and taught in schools. His interesting personality made for him many friends. He never became well-to-do; on the contrary, he became so entangled in indebtedness that he gave up Paris and returned to his olive groves in the south with the hope of being able to satisfy his creditors. He left behind him Victorien, aged twenty-two, who was struggling to displace with studies in surgery and medicine his dreams of becoming a poet and dramatist. But he could not change his gods. A youth who had read before he was twelve years old the works of Molière, who had enthusiastically studied archæology and important periods of the world's history and who had delved deeply into all literature, especially into the works of master poets and playwrights, was not made of stuff moldable into some-

thing other than his true self. Saddened by the death of two sisters and left alone by his father, Sardou continued his medical studies, meanwhile residing in a garret. His existence would have been extremely miserable had he not been able to see an occasional play by Hugo, and to satisfy infrequently his great passion for the opera. In referring to those days of struggle, he said:

"Ah, don't talk to me of music; that is one of my passions. I remember a long time ago when I went to the opera—not in a box of stalls, but right up in the gallery—to hear '*Les Huguenots*' or '*Le Prophète*'—I delighted in Meyerbeer—the seats were four francs apiece. I had probably pawned my best coat to get there; but there I was, and I never think of those costly evenings without remembering how I enjoyed them, and felt a certain sense of gratification that I have never experienced since."

Sardou's inspiration to follow literature began with an incident which has often been related. In a mood of wretchedness caused by poverty and the caging of his ambitious soul in a bleak garret, he stood in a doorway near the College of Medicine to escape the rain and his thoughts turned to suicide. Obsessed with this desire, he walked into the storm. A water-carrier, who instantly took his place of shelter, exclaimed:

"Ah, my friend, you do not know when you are well off."

An instant later a block of granite fell from the building—which was under construction—and killed the water carrier. Sardou accepted his es-

cape from death as an omen that he was destined to live and to become great. Immediately he began those several years of desperately hard work in which he served apprenticeship for his future career.

Of this period of Sardou's life a writer who knew him well said:

"Only those who have known the sting of bitter want can fully appreciate the agony of the intellectual student's career. The eager brain, the famished body, the long night-watches and hideous nightmares, the struggle to make both ends meet, to keep body and soul together, the continual battle with poverty, pride, ambition, hope and despair. Sardou's young life was such a struggle. He possessed a valiant soul, and he did not give way; the more he had to work against, the harder he worked, and every new trial fell like a pointless dart against the steel armor of his resistance. He determined to become some one, and he realized that the bridge which spans greatness and nothingness is knowledge."

Desperate but enthusiastic, Sardou toiled with his pen upon articles for a great variety of publications, receiving poor pay, which he supplemented with fees received for tutoring. He was a tireless student. When he wrote upon topics pertaining to history or to literature, he spoke with authority. The Middle Ages, the Reformation and the great events of the past which made and unmade nations and their policies appealed to his poetic temperament. He toiled day and night, and amassed an amount of erudition seldom possessed by any but

scholars of renown. In the meantime he was working upon his first plays.

"These were the occasions when I could not afford sardines and dry bread," said Sardou, "and I had to go to bed supperless."

On April 1, 1854, the manager of the Odéon Théâtre attempted to produce Sardou's play *Le Taverne des Étudiants*, which the crowd hissed from the stage without witnessing it, and brought disappointment and sorrow to the young author. With the year 1857 came the earliest rewards for Sardou's long years of labor: marriage and the route to success. Poverty, lonesomeness, the cramped quarters of a gloomy garret and the accompanying misery and hopelessness of an unrealized ambition were not enough: an illness of typhoid fever must bring despair as a climax. On another floor in the house resided Mlle. de Brécourt, an actress, and her mother. When the young woman heard that the quiet, studious young man whom she had often seen was likely to die, her pity was roused and she became his faithful nurse. In addition to saving Sardou's life, she was the means of introducing him to Madame Déjazet, who established the Théâtre-Déjazet. In 1858 Sardou and Mlle. de Brécourt were married. Sardou's plays found favor with Déjazet, whose talents proved adaptable for portraying his characters, and success followed success. In 1861 he was decorated with the Legion of Honor. Nine years after she had married Sardou—during which time she had seen her husband attain fame and wealth—Madame Sardou died. Sardou continued to work and his fame became international.

Europe's greatest theaters were producing his plays. In 1872 he was united in marriage with Mlle. Anna Soulié, daughter of the curator of the museum in Versailles. The marriage was extremely happy and the dramatist's success continued. In 1877 Sardou was elected a member of the French Academy. Though immensely wealthy, Sardou resided simply at his villa in Marley-le-Roi near Versailles. He also had two country homes near Cannes, where his forefathers lived, and a residence in Paris, which he occupied principally for business purposes. Like Scott, Sardou had a great passion for books upon every subject, and his home at Marley, like Abbotsford, contained thousands of volumes. Honors from literary and art societies throughout Europe came to him. In making appointments to posts in which a knowledge of literature and the fine arts were important qualifications, the French government consulted with Sardou, who was considered an authority. The productive years of his life were serene ones. He was very generous, always ready to encourage the aspirant, and had no jealousies. His was a remarkable personality. The late Edmondo de Amicis thus describes him:

"Sardou looked a little like Napoleon, a little like Voltaire and a little like the smiling portrait of a malicious actress which I had seen in a shop window on the previous day. He wore a large black velvet cap, below which fell long waving gray locks. He had a silk handkerchief round his neck and was wrapped in a wide dark-colored jacket, which looked like a demi-dressing gown. My attention was riveted by his strange face, without beard and colorless,

with a long nose and pointed chin and irregular and strongly marked features, lighted up by two keenly sparkling gray eyes, full of thought, the glances of which correspond with the rapid motion of the thin and flexible lips, and the acute yet kindly expression of the whole face, sometimes illumined by a bright, slightly mocking smile, like that of a quite young man. He did not look more than 70 years of age, and when he spoke he seemed still younger. He spoke with the fluency of an actor who abuses that power. It was not necessary to question Sardou. He began to converse with a fluency, an ease and a vivacity of accent and gesture which forestalled all my questions and satisfied my curiosity with such an appearance of intimacy and confidence that I was at first quite stunned, uncertain whether I was in the presence of the most expansive and frankest man I had ever met or of the profoundest and cleverest actor that the human mind can imagine."

In his seventy-eighth year, at the time when he received the news of the success of his last play, *L'Affaire des Poisons*, Sardou, who had been convalescing from an illness of pulmonary congestion, became suddenly worse and died in Paris on November 8, 1908. His funeral was held on November 11 in the Church of St. François de Sales. The obsequies were national in character. Like all those who had received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Sardou was given a military burial. Previous to the removal of the body from the house to the church, eulogies were delivered before Sardou's intimate friends and members of the

Academy. Those present were Frenchmen distinguished in art, literature, science and politics. Thousands of persons representing every class of Parisian life—for Sardou's name was known alike in mansion and tenement—stood with lifted hats as the funeral procession passed on its way to Marley, and thousands followed the hearse to the family burial place. From all parts of the world telegrams of condolence were received by M. Sardou's family. From Cairo Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose fame resulted from her interpretations of the characters in Sardou's plays, cabled: "France loses one of its glories, Paris a friend, all the unhappy a protector, and we artists our beloved master, Victorien Sardou."

II

Among those who discuss the drama there is a tendency to depreciate Sardou's work. Such an attitude is probably only natural during a time when homage is so universally directed to such realists and dissectors of modern social life as Ibsen, Pinero, Brieux, Hervieu and Shaw. The principal complaint brought against Sardou is the charge that he made mechanical plays in which all material was subordinated to the plot, that his characters are like marionettes made vocal and that he "manufactured" theatrical pieces to portray the talents of certain histrionic "stars." If these qualities alone are the basis for condemnation of Sardou's plays, something more must be offered to convince the public that he is not fit to stand among the modern master

dramatists. If they are requirements necessary for a playwright to attain a world-wide reputation, to become a member of the celebrated Academy and of numerous other societies in which high scholarship is demanded for admission, one questions the consistency of the statements of the critics; if plays containing these qualities, presented by actors and actresses of international fame in the world's principal centers of culture—where a play by Sardou was an important public event—realized for their creator during several decades the goal of every playwright: success, fame and the accompanying financial reward, then one not only questions the consistency of the critics but also their qualifications for posing as “authorities” on the drama.

It is popular to depreciate Sardou, but much of this depreciation would become admiration were it not for the fact that for those who do not read French only a few of his plays are available in translations. Students of the drama, therefore, are compelled to accept the opinions of others instead of basing their knowledge upon a first-hand acquaintance with Sardou's work. His high position among the dramatists of France alone would demand an explanation of the reasons why his productions appealed to cultured and cosmopolitan audiences, which included scholars, diplomats, royalty—persons not likely to waste time in flocking to see the work of a mediocrist.

No one in the world ever understood better the technique of playwriting than did Sardou. Both he and Ibsen recognized Scribe's genius for technique: Sardou acquired Scribe's craftsmanship, de-

veloped it and improved upon it; Ibsen used of it what he could in his clinical excursions into the whys and wherefores of Life—the one reflected the French spirit, the heritage of the epic and romantic past, the social life preceding the fall of the Second Empire and the national life since then; the other, grimly Teutonic in temperament, mined to the roots of human life and ironically upheld the mirror to all classes revealing the secrets of their souls. Into lighted streets, into halls and mansions, into courts and capitols, into palaces and into throne-rooms, Sardou passed studying minutely the movements of his personages; Ibsen, with the attentive scrutiny of a hospital aide seeking the wounded, turned his flash-light—a flash-light with microscopic power—into dark corners, into alleys, into humanity's every haunt. The great Frenchman and the great Norwegian both studied medicine and gave it up before becoming playwrights. Their selections of working materials were truly characteristic of their national temperaments. Both have had an inestimable influence upon the drama of all nations.

Sardou was structural in his craftsmanship in the sense that he created his plays with the skill of an artisan working with steel and stone, and eliminated everything unnecessary in making his production symmetrical. He was a realist in the sense that he never hesitated to portray what he thought would convey his idea complete to the audience. If a thrill of horror would effectively drive home a point, he used it. In his satirical plays he was merciless in handling the vanities and vagaries of society. While Sardou aspired to become a play-

wright, he studied Shakespeare and regarded verse as the best medium for presenting lofty themes, but after he studied the stage he changed this view and wrote his principal plays in prose, though the material is often admirably adapted for metrical expression. Sardou's historical dramas are lofty in theme. They are true to their times, and appeal universally to those interested in life outcropping from mighty changes of conditions in the past. His deep knowledge of history, art and archæology is evident in historical dramas in which costumes, decorations, interior details, furniture and other properties used for the setting compositely reproduce the atmosphere of the period depicted by the action. None knew better than Sardou the life about him. He studied personalities in their intricate relationship in society. He never preached. He never sacrificed plot in order to prove a thesis, thereby escaping the prolixity of which some of the "realists" are often guilty. His plays have morals, but they are skillfully hidden behind his technique, which supplements a natural gift of analysis and an intuitive power for recognizing and selecting subject matter pleasing to cosmopolitan Parisian audiences. His comedies portraying contemporary life were, with a few exceptions, enthusiastically received, and were the stepping stones by which actors and actresses rose to world-wide celebrity. For impressive compositions Verdi and Offenbach found inspiration in Sardou's creations.

The result of Sardou's long years of hard work was a prolific production of comedies and dramas. The principal ones and the dates of their production

were as follows:

La Taverne des Étudiants, 1854; *Les Premières Armes de Figaro*, 1859; *Les Pattes de Mouche*, 1860; *Nos Intimes*, 1861; *La Papillonne*, 1862; *Les Vieux Garçons*, 1865; *Patrie!*, 1869; *Fernande*, 1870; *Andréa*, 1873; *La Haine*, 1874; *Daniel Rochat*, 1880; *Divorçons*, 1880; *Théodora*, 1884; *La Tosca*, 1887; *Cléopâtre*, 1890; *Thermidor*, 1891; *Madame Sans-Gené*, 1893; *Gismonda*, 1894; *Paméla*, 1898; *Robespierre*, 1899; *Dante*, 1903; *La Sorcière*, 1903; *L'Affaire des Poisons*, 1907.

III

Sardou's marvelous theatrical technique is nowhere better exemplified than in *La Sorcière*, one of his last tragedies. Bigotry, love, superstition and persecution are the predominating elements of the action, which is laid in Granada immediately after the conquest by the Spaniards. What better material for romance? The principal figures are a Castilian officer and a cultured Moorish woman, who, ignoring an edict of the Inquisition inflicting the death penalty upon alliances between Christians and unconverted Moslems, have the strength to assert their rights as normal human beings—and to suffer the inevitable consequences. It is the depiction of a struggle for individual freedom in which the common truths of the human heart beat hopelessly for expression against the bigotry of the masses and the bigotry of those who not only know better but who also use it as an agency in strengthening their

own power. The result is the old struggle between knowledge and ignorance, between love for one's religion and country and for the satisfaction of the soul's desire regardless of traditions discarded and of idols knocked down in the accomplishment of that desire. In this process of emerging, of transition, in this sudden seizure by unknown forces upon new combinations of circumstances, in this bidding farewell to the old while hailing with allegiance that of which we are unaware until the clarifying moment arrives, lies the essence of tragedy. "It is possible," said the late William James, "that Being may be a great sea of consciousness, some of the fag ends of which are human minds." It is in the interplay, in the constant weaving and raveling of that cosmic pattern which we call life that the dramatist finds the few wisps of experience suitable for interpreting his own understanding of a certain phase of existence. "The representation of a great misfortune alone is essential to tragedy," declared Schopenhauer. "Characters of ordinary morality, under circumstances such as often occur, are so situated with regard to each other that their position compels them, knowingly and with their eyes open, to do each other the greatest injury without any of them being entirely in the wrong." Under this definition, *La Sorcière* qualifies exactly as a tragedy.

In creating his plays Sardou did not attempt to conform to any particular definition. He was independent in choice of materials and in method of handling: the purpose justified the treatment. In *La Sorcière* he showed his hatred of tyranny, and

he puts into the mouth of Zoraya, the Moorish woman, in that powerful seventh scene of Act IV, one of the bitterest denunciations of the Inquisition ever made through the drama. Sardou studied historic events with the eyes of a scientist. He was interested in hypnotism and in spiritualism. While studying the Middle Ages he concluded that the so-called sorcery of that time was nothing else but hypnotism, long known to the Orientals and introduced by them among the Moors. It was only natural that an age, so reeking with superstition that it persecuted the man who declared that the earth revolves around the sun, should brand as an agent of the devil any one familiar with hypnotic power. Through a feminine character in whom were combined the best qualities of Mohammedanism and the gift of healing, Sardou was able to throw the strongest light upon superstition in the Middle Ages.

The plot of *La Sorcière* is the work of a master craftsman. In motivation and in development of situation the play is so well rounded that no part can be removed without spoiling the whole. The action opens with a humorous scene in which a petty officer vested with authority is bullying a crowd of peasants, among whom is supposed to be the culprit who stole the corpse of an executed criminal publicly exposed—the body being that of an unconverted Moor who had loved a Christian girl. In this scene Sardou begins to draw his background of superstition by means of the words of the ignorant natives, who jump at a suggestion of one of their number, and denounce as the thief Zoraya, the

"Sorceress." In a scene poetic with romance and beauty Don Enrique and Zoraya, whom he wishes to arrest, drift into the same relation which resulted in the death of the young Moor, whose body had been stolen. This act is the great corner-stone of the drama. Sardou's skillful motivation prepares the reader for developments in the coming four acts, but this craftsmanship is so carefully hidden that the relations of incidents are so natural that they come in the form of surprises. The sequence of the events is perfect. The transition from the first to the second act, in which develop Don Enrique's dangerous secret relationship with Zoraya and his inexplicable reason for discontinuing his visits to her, is perfectly natural, and the last scene of the act, consisting of only a few phrases of explanation, suddenly reveals such an astonishing complication that the effect is nothing short of tremendous. With a climax so effective the entire foundation of the action is laid. We have learned that the Christian girl whom Zoraya has begun to cure with hypnotic power is to become the bride of Don Enrique, a fact which she did not know before the girl was taken away happy with the thought that she should now be more acceptable to her lover.

In the third act Don Enrique's character is tested in a struggle which he loses with overpowering circumstances. Gossips open the action with a frivolous discussion of the marriage of Don Enrique and the governor's daughter. They satisfactorily explain that the parents of the couple years before had arranged the marriage. They also gossip about

sorcerers and sorceresses. From suggestions we learn that Zoraya is in danger, and that her relations with Enrique are known. Close by the nuptial chamber begins the clash of fateful circumstances, which decide within a short time the destinies of Don Enrique and Zoraya. Near the conclusion of this act we have the purest essence of tragedy, if we accept Aristotle's statement that tragedy is an imitation of actions which are terrible and piteous. Enrique, after nobly refusing to renounce his country and his religion and to flee with Zoraya to Morocco, is forced to become with her a fugitive after he unintentionally kills an agent of the Inquisition who suddenly detects them and attempts to arrest Zoraya. Flight and pursuit of Don Enrique and Zoraya close the act. This scene is one of gripping intensity.

The merciless execution of power, the intolerance and tyranny of the Holy Inquisition are portrayed in an exemplification of a session of that body in the fourth act. Again the action to be developed is disclosed by the conversation of monks waiting for the council to convene. We learn that Zoraya and Don Enrique have been captured. We know the penalty likely to be pronounced upon them, but we remember that it is Zoraya alone who has the power of restoring to consciousness the daughter of the governor and bride of Enrique, who is deeply sleeping on her nuptial night. The unrelenting cruelty used by the Inquisition in making the captive hag and the unfortunate young girl testify against Zoraya, from whom they wring a confession to sorcery in order to free Don Enrique, rouses

pity and indignation, which increase to highest pitch when her lover, who stands at the side unobserved by her until she has told all, is deceived into believing that she is a sorceress and that he has been victimized. But this has not been done without bringing upon the members of the Inquisition Zoraya's storm of righteous denunciation. There is anguish unutterable when Don Enrique, who does not know that Zoraya has made the greatest sacrifice that a human being can make, accuses her of being false. To this injustice is added the climax of the act which closes with this awful sentence: "We shall burn her after vespers."

The final act is short and intense. Zoraya has been sentenced to death, but we know that she still holds the possible price of her freedom. The final setting of the play is magnificent: it is characteristic of Sardou. Here is a street scene in front of a great cathedral near which is a pyre ready for burning Zoraya. Into this act are packed all of the color, the pomp and the pageantry of the church and chivalry of the heroic age in Spain. There is a wonderful procession, a stirring mob scene, intensified with the solemn sounds of religious chanting, the roll of organ music and the resonant boom of tower bells. Don Enrique learns of Zoraya's sacrifice. As we expected, she is given her liberty on condition that she restore to consciousness the governor's daughter, a performance that causes the mob, already incensed by fanatical monks, to demand her death immediately after receiving the liberty which she deserves. Don Enrique nobly chooses death with her.

The conclusion of the action shows Sardou's wonderful technique at its best. The sequence of events is natural and the transition from situation to situation is motivated so realistically that the threads of the structure cannot be detected. Wide passages cross and recross until they become intricately involved in mazes which ultimately lead to the foot of an unscalable blind-arcade. Then suddenly there come from an unexpected place a glimmer of light, a swift opening of doors, and all is seen at a flash. This is not ordinary stagecraft—it is the necromancy of stagecraft!

The translator has endeavored to follow as closely as possible *La Sorcière* as Sardou wrote it, remembering that Browning said in the introduction to his translation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus: "I should require him [the translator] to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence of our language."

CHARLES A. WEISSERT.



CHARACTERS.

CARDINAL XIMÉNÈS, *Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Inquisitor.*

DON ENRIQUE DE PALACIOS.

LOPEZ DE PADILLA, *Governor of Toledo.*

CARDENOS, *an agent of the Holy-Office.*

CLEOFAS, *physician of the Holy-Office.*

OLIVEIRA, *surgeon of the Holy-Office.*

RAMIRO, *esquire of Palacios.*

FRAY EUGENIO CALABAZAS	} <i>Inquisitors.</i>
FRAY TEOFILO IBARRA	
FRAY MIGUEL MOLINA	
FRAY HERNANDO ALBORNOS	

FAREZ, *a Moorish muleteer.*

D'AGUILAR, *notary, and recorder of the Tribunal.*

TORILLO, *an executioner.*

DON ANTONIO	} <i>Gentlemen.</i>
RIUBOS	
VELASCO	
CRISTOBOL	

A GOATHERD.

GIL ANDRÈS, *Guard.*

GINÈS.

A FRIAR.

FIRST PEASANT.

SECOND PEASANT.

ZORAYA, *a Moorish woman.*

AFRIDA, *an aged peasant woman.*

MANUELA, *a young peasant woman.*

FATOU, *a converted Moorish woman and govern-
ess of Joana.*

AISHA, *one of Zoraya's servants.*

JOANA, *daughter of Padilla.*
ZAGUIR, *a young boy in Zoraya's service.*
DOÑA RUFINA.
DOÑA SYRENA.
DOÑA SERAFINA.
DOÑA FABIA.
A PEASANT WOMAN.

*Peasant men and women, archers, people of all
classes, gaolers, monks, etc.*

The action takes place in Toledo in 1507.

THE SORCERESS

was presented

*for the first time in the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, in Paris,
on December 15, 1903*

THE SORCERESS

ACT ONE

SCENE.—*On the heights overlooking the left bank of the River Tagus. In the foreground is a road. Flinty rocks, plants and shrubs rise from right to left towards higher rocks above which they disappear in a gap. From the gap to the foreground a stony pathway descends in a curve. At the foot of the scene, below, is the Tagus lying deep between its banks, and the Bridge of San Martino. On the heights beyond are the city, the Mirador and the cathedral of San Juan del Rey in construction. The night is clear and starry. A crescent-shaped moon gradually disappears to the right behind the rocks near the end of the act.*

SCENE ONE

RAMIRO, ARIAS, FAREZ, PEASANT MEN AND WOMEN,
THREE ARCHERS

ARIAS and the ARCHERS are clutching and dragging towards the right peasant men and women, whom they have come to arrest. All of the prisoners are loudly protesting, except FAREZ, who is silent all the time.

RAMIRO. Go, march on, there! (*To the archers*) Arrest those laggards and keep them for me! (*The peasants protest*) Silence, there! You will explain to the governor in Toledo.

The archers again begin to drive before them the prisoners, who renew their protests and lamentations.

ENRIQUE. (*In a loud voice at the right behind the scene*) Hold on! Wait! What is that noise? *All stop and listen. ARIAS goes to the right of the declivity and looks down.*

RAMIRO. (*To ARIAS*) Those shouts! Go and see who is uttering them.

ARIAS. Some cavaliers passing along the road.

ENRIQUE. (*Behind the scene*) Do you hear me? Who is there?

ARIAS. (*To RAMIRO*) It is our commander, Don Enrique Palacios, who is returning home from the chase.

RAMIRO. (*Running to the right*) He arrives opportunely. (*Addressing respectfully, hat in hand, ENRIQUE behind the scene.*) My lord, it is I, your esquire, Ramiro.

ENRIQUE. (*Behind the scene*) What are you doing there?

RAMIRO. Making arrests, my lord. And, may I venture to pray Your Honor to dismount and climb up this rough path? We have warrants which are very important.

ENRIQUE. (*Outside*) Very good!—I will come. (*Murmurs of satisfaction from the captives.*)

RAMIRO. Here is our general, Don Enrique Palacios, commander of the archers and cross-bowmen

of the city. He will examine you on the spot.

THE PEASANTS. (*Together, each saying a phrase*) Good!—Good!—He is a good man!—He will listen to us and set us at liberty!

RAMIRO. (*He goes to meet ENRIQUE at right*) Up this side, my lord, if you please!

SCENE TWO

THOSE IN THE PRECEDING SCENE, ENRIQUE, TWO
VALETS OF THE HUNT

ENRIQUE. (*Looking at the captives*) Oh, ho! This is a fine catch with one stroke of the hand!

RAMIRO. I was going to conduct these people to Toledo to be examined. Your Honor may spare me the pain.

THE PEASANTS. (*All speaking at the same time*) Mercy, Excellency!—Pity!—Pity!—We are innocent!—We did not do it!

RAMIRO. (*Exasperated*) Peace! Keep quiet, there, brawlers! Do not bewilder his lordship with your croakings!

ENRIQUE. Be considerate, Ramiro. They have the right to speak in their own defence. (*He is assisted in stepping upon a piece of rock at the right of the scene. He seats himself on a boulder after giving his cross-bow to ARIAS.*) What has caused this disturbance?

RAMIRO. Your lordship has not forgotten a young Moorish armourer employed on his estate, named Kalem?

ENRIQUE. Kalem? Yes! a clever artisan and

also a handsome lad, who worked for me.

RAMIRO. Unfortunately one of those black, obstinate rebels, who will not admit since the conquest of Granada by our glorious sire (*he uncovers his head and bows*) that the dominion of the Moors and the cult of their great devil Mohammed have ended in Spain.

ENRIQUE. Yes. Whenever I urged Kalem to become converted he always refused.

RAMIRO. He went from bad to worse—defying a royal edict, which forbids all intimacy between an unconverted Moor and a Christian, he betrayed the daughter of a neighbor, a good Catholic. For that offence the two culprits, in conformance with the law, have been punished during your lordship's absence: the girl thrown into solitude for life in the convent of Mercy!—and Kalem, stoned to death!

ENRIQUE. Ah! the poor boy!

RAMIRO. Yesterday at sunset, up there at the foot of an elm!—After which I left the body fastened to the tree-trunk, according to custom, to serve as a warning to these accursed heathen. But, no! They are enraged! The body has disappeared!

ENRIQUE. When was it removed?

RAMIRO. Last night.

ENRIQUE. By whom?

RAMIRO. I do not know. The news was slow in coming and I was ordered to go out during the night and surprise the residents of this vicinity in their beds and bring them to an inquest.

ENRIQUE. And the result?

ARIAS. Nothing!—They have nothing to say!

THE PEASANTS. (*All together*) We know

nothing, your lordship, nothing! So truly as there is a God, we are innocent. (*ARIAS hushes them with a gesture.*)

ENRIQUE. Is there among them a relative or friend of Kalem?

ALL. Not one, your lordship.

A PEASANT. None, my lord!

ENRIQUE. No one who would have a reason for stealing his body?

ALL. (*All at the same time*) Not one, my lord!—Far from here!—A dog of a Mussulman!—We are good Christians!

A WOMAN. We should have stoned him to death a second time! (*They hear voices outside, at left.*)

RAMIRO. Keep quiet, there!—Listen!

ARIAS. (*Looking*) Here is something more to please us.

SCENE THREE

THE SAME, THE GOATHERD, AN ARCHER. THEY ENTER AT LEFT

AN ARCHER. (*Dragging the goatherd*) Go in! you beggar!

THE GOATHERD. (*Obeying*) Lord! have mercy!

THE ARCHER. (*To ARIAS, out of breath*) He attempted to flee, the fool! He ran faster than his goats.

ENRIQUE. Is he a goatherd?

THE ARCHER. So he says.

RAMIRO. (*Taking the goatherd by the collar and compelling him to fall upon his knees before EN-*

RIQUE) Answer, villain, Don Enrique Palacios!

ENRIQUE. It is you, then, who stole the body?

THE GOATHERD. Me! my Sweet Deliverer!—touch a corpse!

ENRIQUE. Then why did you run?

THE GOATHERD. (*Lowering his voice*) For not speaking—and for fear she would revenge herself upon me for exposing her!

ENRIQUE. And who—is she?

THE GOATHERD. (*Looking nervously about*) She who took the body.

ENRIQUE. A woman?

THE GOATHERD. (*Half aloud*) The Moorish woman!

THE OTHERS. (*Seconding him*) The Sorceress!—Yes!—Yes!—It was she!—It was she!

ENRIQUE. The Sorceress?

THE GOATHERD. Certainly, my lord. I have often seen her at night wandering on the heights and making conjurations to the moon, so I was not surprised to see her up there at daybreak this morning making curious gestures, in this way—I hurried my flock to avoid her—when two nigger devils approached her along that path! I was seized with a foolish fancy to know what these three were charming, and I clambered and crawled over the rocks toward them. But she pricked up her ears, the magician, and scrutinized the slope where I was lying with such a terrible gaze that I rolled down and scampered away, saying to myself: “I hope that her eyes have not changed me into a brown owl, or into a bad beast!”

ENRIQUE. Then she is the guilty one?

THE PEASANTS. (*Eagerly*) It is she, your lordship; it is the Sorceress, without a doubt.

ENRIQUE. And who among you believe she is a sorceress?

THE PEASANTS. Oh, all!

FIRST MAN. It is believed everywhere.

A WOMAN. She has caused enough misfortune with her deviltries!

SECOND MAN. It has been proved that words from her will give rot to the sheep.

A PEASANT. And sickness to men. (*Murmurs of approbation.*)

THE WOMAN. Listen to the testimony of the wife of Zuniga, a wet-nurse, whose milk supply she caused to go dry.

FIRST MAN. And to José Barilla on whose barn she caused lightning to descend.

THE WOMAN. Oh! the wicked she-goat!

ANOTHER WOMAN. She is the plague of this community!

SECOND MAN. Arrest her, my lord!—It is she who stole the body!

THE GOATHERD. To make magic powders of the bones!

ALL. Yes! Yes!

THE GOATHERD. (*To FAREZ, who shrugs his shoulders*) It is well for you to shrug your shoulders, you!

FAREZ. (*Coldly*) Me?

THE GOATHERD. Yes. You who act so cunningly.

THE WOMAN. Yes. He laughs at all we say.

FAREZ. At all of your stupidities! (*All protest*)

ENRIQUE. Come forward. Pay no attention to them. What is your name?

FAREZ. Farez.

ENRIQUE. A Moor?

THE GOATHERD. (*Maliciously*) But converted.

ENRIQUE. What is your trade?

FAREZ. Muleteer.

ENRIQUE. Then, according to your opinion, these people are wrong?

FAREZ. This is all idle talk, my lord—the ravings of old women. (*Cries from the peasants, whom RAMIRO silences.*)

ENRIQUE. Do you know this Moorish woman?

FAREZ. Zoraya?

ENRIQUE. Is her name Zoraya?

FAREZ. Yes, my lord; that is to say, in the Arabic tongue, “The Star of the Morning.” I have long known her. I was in Granada before the conquest, employed as a servant by her father, Abou-Abassa, a scholar and physician of the last King Boabdil.

ENRIQUE. Maiden, woman or widow—this Zoraya?

FAREZ. Widow, my lord!—Sometime before the siege she was married to a very valiant Moor, who was killed in a sortie.

ENRIQUE. Being now a Granadan, does she reside in Toledo?

FAREZ. After the capture of Toledo, the wise Bishop Talavera, Governor of our city, took a strong fancy to Abou-Abassa because of his great knowledge and made him come here to reside. The daughter, of course, lived with him. The mother

is no longer of this earth.

ENRIQUE. Does she reside in Toledo?

FAREZ. No, my lord; but near here on this mountain-slope in a house built by her father, who died in the past year. She lives there alone with her old servants and her few surviving friends. Her door is always open to those of her race and her religion who appeal to her in need or in sickness.

ENRIQUE. Ah! She likewise practises healing?

FAREZ. Free of charge! Her father left her great wealth and the knowledge of his art. Those of her own race are not the only ones who have sought her aid. (*Addressing the peasants*) More than one Christian who has secretly begged gold and medicines from her now shows his ingratitude by accusing her of causing hail to fall upon the fields. (*The peasants protest.*)

ENRIQUE. (*Silencing them*) That is enough! (*To RAMIRO*) Keep the muleteer. Release the others. (*Exclamations of joy.*)

THE PEASANTS. Ah, thanks! your lordship! God will reward you! Long live His Excellency!

ARIAS. (*Pushing them along*) Go! Go! Disperse without noise! (*They leave from both sides of the scene.*)

SCENE FOUR

ENRIQUE, RAMIRO, ARIAS, FAREZ, LATER ZORAYA

ENRIQUE. (*To FAREZ, rising*) You say that she resides near here?

FAREZ. (*Pointing to the left, below*) On this

hillside—a white house, half way up the slope, with beautiful gardens and a terrace mirrored in the waters of the Tagus.

ENRIQUE. You may conduct me there. (*To the archers and valets*) Go! (*They go out.*)

FAREZ. If Your Grace will follow me—But she is not far—There she is!

ENRIQUE. The Moorish woman?

FAREZ. It is she herself—I see her coming up the slope.

ENRIQUE. (*To FAREZ*) You may return home. (*To RAMIRO and ARIAS*) You, here, step to one side and keep quiet. And observe her practising her black art.

FAREZ *disappears at right, ENRIQUE and ARIAS going to the left, where, screened by rocks and bushes from ZORAYA'S view, they watch her. ZORAYA appears near the gap, coming slowly up the path into the clear moonlight as she reaches the summit. She carries a silver sickle in her hand; on her arm a sheaf of wild flowers. She descends the pathway slowly, gathering flowers as she passes.*

ENRIQUE. (*To RAMIRO behind him*) That is a strange task!

ARIAS. (*Behind ENRIQUE and RAMIRO, rising to see*) See, my lord, in her hand?

ENRIQUE. (*In a low voice*) That silver sickle?

ARIAS. Which shines like the crescent moon.

RAMIRO. The crescent of Mohammed—the moon is a Saracen and a sorceress!

ENRIQUE. Speak lower!—What curious harvest brings her into the midst of these rocks?

RAMIRO. She is gathering bad herbs for her philters and poisons.

ENRIQUE. A beautiful creature, truly. See the grace and suppleness in her movements.

RAMIRO. One might say as much of a serpent.

ENRIQUE. For shame!

RAMIRO. Your Honor should be careful or this she-devil may throw over him the same charm that Circe of yore threw over Ulysses.

ENRIQUE. (*Joking*) Am I like the goatherd to believe that she will change me into a beast?

RAMIRO. No! But through love—it is the same!

ENRIQUE. (*Quickly*) Enough!—I must speak to her! (*He advances into the full moonlight.*) Zoraya!

ZORAYA. Who is calling me?

ENRIQUE. I, Enrique Palacios, commander of the archers of the city.

ZORAYA. What does his lordship desire?

ENRIQUE. The truth!—It was you and two accomplices who took down and carried away Kalem's body?

ZORAYA. It was, my lord.

ENRIQUE. For use in some conjurations—for you are a magician, it appears?

ZORAYA. (*Quickly*) Me?

ENRIQUE. So it is said.

ZORAYA. By those who hate me because I am Moorish and faithful to the law of the Koran. (*Murmurs from ARIAS and RAMIRO.*)

ENRIQUE. Peace, there. (*To ZORAYA*) So you have not come here to work some magic in the moon-

light, or to meet an accomplice in your sorceries?

ZORAYA. I come to gather herbs in the night and to be alone; and in moonlight because it is easier to recognize them.

ENRIQUE. What do you do with them?

ZORAYA. From the hearts of these flowers, my lord, I extract essences and perfumes for myself and ointments, elixirs and powders for curing diseases.

ENRIQUE. Are these remedies, these poisonous herbs?

ZORAYA. Yes; wholesome and healing. The vermilion fruit of the black henbane and that of the deadly nightshade or belladonna cure delirium and insanity. They also put sufferers to sleep. Also these others. They are like all things of the world, in love the same: according to the case and the dose, cure or kill.

ENRIQUE. Oh! by that I understand that you deal in love philters.

ZORAYA. What need of them, my dear lord?—Love is born of a smile, rather than of a philter.

ENRIQUE. (*Jesting*) Do you often make that test?

ZORAYA. Never!

ENRIQUE. (*The same*) Oh!—so chaste—in spite of those eyes, there?

ZORAYA. Through pride! It is not necessary to search for dignity in me!

ENRIQUE. Bless me! the beautiful! You are very difficult.—But let that pass!—If it were not for some evil work why did you steal Kalem's body?

ZORAYA. 'The human flesh is not made to feed ravens and wolves.

ENRIQUE. You have buried it?

ZORAYA. In a crevice in the rocks—you may assure yourself.

ENRIQUE. A criminal.

ZORAYA. To me he was not a criminal, whose only crime was to have loved.

ENRIQUE. A Christian!—in spite of the law which forbids love between your race and mine.

ZORAYA. It is love, however, which will reconcile them in the long run.

ENRIQUE. Ah, well! to justify that you shall explain to His Eminence the Cardinal Ximénès.

ZORAYA. (*Frightened*) The Inquisitor!

ENRIQUE. It is to him that I must take you.

ZORAYA. (*The same*) Oh, no, my dear lord! No! You must not say that.

ENRIQUE. Why not?

ZORAYA. You know that the high priest detests us and persecutes us. You do not want to injure me; for you are good——

ENRIQUE. How do you know that?

ZORAYA. Oh, I see it!

ENRIQUE. In truth, what indications do you see?

ZORAYA. Those which my father revealed to me.

ENRIQUE. Of the nature of men?

ZORAYA. And their destinies.

ENRIQUE. Do you read this in the stars?

ZORAYA. My knowledge does not come from them.—But through the crystal, the mirror, the silver disc and the lines of the hands.

ENRIQUE. Ah! By God!—I am curious to see what you read in mine!—Come here!

(*He seats himself on a large stone at the foot of the path. Zoraya goes down to him after putting down her bouquet of flowers and plants.*)

RAMIRO. (*Low to ARIAS during this part of the scene*) Ah! the bewitcher!—See how she takes him little by little into her coils in order to escape punishment.

ZORAYA. (*Stands near ENRIQUE, who holds out his left hand for her inspection*) You are loyal, my lord, and brave—but your will is feeble and unsteady.

ENRIQUE. Where do you see that?

ZORAYA. In the shape of your head and the first phalange of your thumb, which is short—I see here that you are subject to sudden and terrible bursts of anger.

ENRIQUE. (*Smiling*) It is true! (*To RAMIRO, without turning round*) Is it not, Ramiro?

RAMIRO. (*Grumbling in a low voice*) Rain of Heaven! Why has he not strangled this accursed woman?

ZORAYA. (*In the same vein*) The life-line, beautiful at the beginning—stops short—danger of death—struck as with lightning!

ENRIQUE. (*Gaily*) A soldier's death—so much the better! Seat yourself; you will be more at ease. (*He makes room for her to sit on the stone.*)

ZORAYA. (*Seating herself, continues in the same vein*) These wrinkles which cross at the base of the thumb show an inclination very—very amorous!

ENRIQUE. Oh! as to that—Yes!

ZORAYA. This deep red line, which connects the thumb with the life-line—a passion! Oh!—that!

Like she who possesses you!—It will end only with your life!

ENRIQUE. Then it is to be returned?

ZORAYA. I do not know—why should one be troubled about that?

While looking at his hand, ZORAYA leans more and more against ENRIQUE, who is intoxicated by the nearness of their persons, by the Arabian perfume on her hair and by the warmth of her hand.

ENRIQUE. (*Rising in order to lean over ZORAYA'S neck*) What flower have you robbed of this perfume?

ZORAYA. The golden cassie!

ENRIQUE. It is exquisite!—You who read the future so well in the hand—(*She attempts to withdraw her hand*) No! No! Do not take away your hand!—do you also know how to read the present in my thoughts? (*He turns ZORAYA'S face gently towards his own.*)

ZORAYA. (*Returning his ardent gaze*) Yes! (*In a low voice*) You think that I am beautiful and desirable!

ENRIQUE. (*Quickly*) Yes.

ZORAYA. (*The same*) But I am a Saracen, a pagan, an outcast! I am one whom you have not the right to love!

ENRIQUE. Therefore, you are more desirable!

ZORAYA. (*The same*) Don't you find the royal edict which would punish us very severe: I thrown into the oubliette—you sent to the galleys or to the stake?

ENRIQUE. Too severe—certainly!

ZORAYA. Wasn't Kalem excusable for risking such a cruel fate?

ENRIQUE. Yes.

ZORAYA. And doesn't she, this unfortunate girl who had not the strength to resist the madness of a similar love, deserve pity?

ENRIQUE. The Christian girl!

ZORAYA. Ah! I understand why she forgot that she was a Spaniard and a Catholic and became only a woman, simply a woman!—O Nature! the victory was thine!—I envy her for having been given a body to be loved and adored without fear of the torture which menaces this world—and the damnation promised in the next!

ENRIQUE. You could be so brave as she?

ZORAYA. (*Rising*) Ah! certainly, yes!—who could be braver than she!—Can your race produce a Kalem? If so, he is worthy of me! I promise hours of beauty and rapture to him who does not fear the executioner and who will brave the flames at the stake for that which the sun of Africa has set burning in my veins!—

ENRIQUE. (*Taking her in his arms*) I shall be that man! (*She pushes him gently away. He recovers his presence of mind and quickly withdraws*) Ah! demon! You have intoxicated me! Go away from me!

ZORAYA. Adieu, then, my dear lord.

ENRIQUE. (*Turning*) Adieu!—Yes, adieu!—It is better so! (*To RAMIRO and ARIAS*) Let that woman go! (*Picking up her flowers, she slowly reascends the slope*) What creature is that!—her hand burned in mine and her gaze set my brain

awhirl!

RAMIRO. I have a remedy, my lord! Say a pater quickly and repeat an ave twice to break the charm!

ARIAS. (*Preparing to shoot an arrow from his cross-bow at ZORAYA*) I have a better one!—Kill the beast, kill——

ENRIQUE. (*Seizing his arm*) Ah! brute!—Stop! (*He passes the cross-bow to RAMIRO, then crosses the scene to the right to ZORAYA, who has returned on hearing the disturbance*) Go! Go! He will not make another attempt. But, I want never again to find you in my path!

ZORAYA. (*Standing in the middle of the path*) “No one,” says an Arabic proverb,—“no one in the world today has seen the dawn of tomorrow.”

ENRIQUE. (*To his men, who have rejoined him at right, while he still watches ZORAYA*) Let us hasten away from here!

(*Curtain*)

ACT TWO

SCENE—*A Moorish chamber with three arches. Beyond is seen a garden similar to that of the Generalife of Granada, with a fountain and a narrow canal bordered with trimmed yew trees and pots of red sandstone containing flowers. The arch at the right gives access to a terrace beyond which Toledo rises in the distance beneath a burning sunlight. At the right of the arcade is the entrance to ZORAYA'S sleeping chamber. On the same side is a small door. In contrast with the spreading blue of the heavens and the great heat on the fields and garden, the room conveys an impression of coolness. On the floor are tiles laid in mosaic. In the center of the scene is an elaborate fountain basin surrounded with cushions. On the ceiling are beams and panels of cedar. To a height of about six feet, an ivory-colored border surmounted with a blue earthenware moulding extends about the room. The three arches are closed at will with heavy and rich portières. To the right is a little low table inlaid with ivory and nacre. There are several cushions on it. Against the wall stands an Arabian coffer. Here and there are large Moresque vases containing palms and bouquets of flowers. It is morning. There are sounds of distant bells, which shortly cease to ring.*

SCENE ONE

AISHA, ZAGUIR

AISHA *draws open the curtains in the right arch. ZAGUIR appears at the foot in the garden and cautiously calls AISHA.*

ZAGUIR. My aunt!—My aunt!

AISHA. (*In an undertone, turning*) What?—Who?—Who is calling me out there?

ZAGUIR. (*In the same voice*) I have something important to tell you while the mistress is still here.

AISHA. Something serious?

ZAGUIR. Yes.

AISHA. Then come in and speak quickly. (ZAGUIR *goes toward her*) What is it?

ZAGUIR. Here!—last night at sunset, I saw sitting and conversing near the path which leads down toward the bridge of San Martino, perhaps a hundred paces or more from this house, two men who were not mere passers-by, or residents of this neighborhood. When the sun rose this morning they were still there, lying behind some fig trees, as if they had passed the night in watching.

AISHA. (*Disturbed*) The same!—you are positive?

ZAGUIR. Positive!—They are still there. You can see them. (*They cautiously go to the terrace at right*) Stop! they are standing at present.

AISHA. There are three of them!

ZAGUIR. Yes!—the one with the grizzled beard was not there. He has just arrived.

AISHA. Be careful in returning. (*She returns to the center of the scene.*)

ZAGUIR. (*The same*) As they have been there since last evening, it must be that they are lying in wait for some one.

AISHA. And whom?

ZAGUIR. (*With embarrassment*) Perhaps those who come at night and return at dawn.

AISHA. (*Severely*) What did you say?

ZAGUIR. (*Quickly*) Don't be angry—I am only warning you! Otherwise, I should have said nothing.

AISHA. And what do you know, naughty boy?

ZAGUIR. Only the worst of things. For example, that he comes down the slope and enters through the orchard gate, which has a key; that he steals along in the shadow of the arcades until he reaches here and that he goes away in a similar manner—on foot as he comes, without entrusting to us his horse.

AISHA. Above all you have not mentioned this?

ZAGUIR. Indeed to no person!—it is serious!

AISHA. He is a Moor, a refugee in the Sierra, a rebel who comes secretly to obtain medicine for his wife who is ill.

ZAGUIR. Poor woman!—to consume all the remedies which he has obtained every night during two months!

AISHA. You presumptuous boy!

ZAGUIR. Do not call me after all kinds of beasts, auntie dear! I don't ask you who this unknown is; he concerns me not. But I know truly that I should be cut in pieces before I would whisper a

word. You may tell your mistress that!

AISHA. Allah protect me! I shall not tell her that you know.

ZAGUIR. As you wish! But whisper to her that they are watching her house. (*The bells again begin to ring.*)

AISHA. And in vain for two days.

ZAGUIR. Yes, fortunately!—He did not come last night, or the night before.

AISHA. And Zoraya is worried enough!—Go, thou!—Quickly!—I hear her!

ZAGUIR *is going out when ZORAYA appears, parting the portières at the left.*

SCENE TWO

THE SAME PERSONS, ZORAYA

ZORAYA. (*Without seeing ZAGUIR, to AISHA*) Who is here with you?

AISHA. Zaguir, who has no right to be here!—but he has a good excuse—since yesterday he has seen men prowling round the house. (*She points to the right. ZORAYA crosses the scene and goes to the window.*)

ZAGUIR. They have passed the night under the fig trees.

AISHA. (*To ZORAYA*) On the hillside—look! Ah! They are going away—do you see them?

ZORAYA. Yes!—They are going down to the bridge. (*To ZAGUIR*) Follow them!

ZAGUIR. As far as the city?

ZORAYA. All about the city—and see where they stop.

ZAGUIR. Yes, mistress!

ZORAYA. Go! Go!

ZAGUIR *leaves, running.*

SCENE THREE

ZORAYA, AISHA

ZORAYA. (*At the window, constantly looking out*) Why are those bells ringing on this beautiful morning?—Is there some Christian festival today?

AISHA. I know of none.

ZORAYA. (*Reëntering the scene*) After waiting for him all night I finally fell asleep. They awakened me and I heard your voice. I believed he was there, and I nearly betrayed myself by calling his name in the boy's presence.

AISHA. We must continue hoping that Don Enrique will come tonight.

ZORAYA. Two nights without seeing him!—And no word from him—what torture! And those bad dreams! Give me the spotted cards.

AISHA *brings a pack of cards which she lays out on the little table. The sound of the bells gradually dies out.*

AISHA. He has probably been warned of the presence of those men.

ZORAYA. Last night, yes—But the night before—did Zaguir see them then?

AISHA. No.

ZORAYA. (*Constantly occupied in arranging the cards*) Then it was something else.

AISHA. Perhaps some sudden duty?

ZORAYA. Doubtful! He is free! He has no father, no mother, no wife, no children!

AISHA. He commands the archers, the blunderbuss men and the cross-bowmen of the city. He may be detained by the service.

ZORAYA. For two days?

AISHA. He is a member of the Council of Castile, which may have been summoned to Aranjuez where the king is sojourning.

ZORAYA. Yes, possibly that is so!—Ah! if only we had some means of secretly writing to each other!

AISHA. Allah protect us! That would be a quicker way of losing ourselves!—we are threatened often enough, now!

ZORAYA. Ah! (*She raises a card.*)

AISHA. What?

ZORAYA. The Cavalier of the Sword—now I am beginning to detect the cause!

AISHA. You see!—I thought until this minute that we should not be left long in security! You had decided to do as the others advised and flee to the coast of Africa to escape the persecutions of the Nazarenes! Then, it was necessary to meet this man! Ah! misery upon us! Ever since the time when he unexpectedly appeared while we were breathing the evening breeze on the hill and when you so foolishly threw yourself into his arms, I have believed that I hear the black wings of Azrael, the angel of death, brushing the roof of our house!

ZORAYA. "Our Destiny," says the Prophet, "is

suspended from our necks"—If it is written that I shall die for Enrique, then I may likewise wish that it should be in his arms!

AISHA. Oh! my daughter, you who were so chaste in your widowhood, why are you enamored with this infidel, this enemy of the true God?

ZORAYA. Do you know how and why I love him? I was at his mercy! A word, and he could have thrown me into the dungeons of the Inquisition. It was good of him to save my honor, a price which they always extort from our other women. I will risk anything for him. Those men were there to act as my safeguards during the night. I shall wait for an opportune time and flee to Toledo before evening!

AISHA. Rain of Heaven!

ZORAYA. But what weakness is ours! He is young, he is generous in his love, his gaze is tender!—when he liberated me, I could dream no more of fleeing.

AISHA. Alas!

ZORAYA. (*Returning to the cards*) Ah! "The King!"—A powerful enemy!

AISHA. You see! You see!

ZORAYA. Sh——.

AISHA. What?

ZORAYA. I believe I hear him.

AISHA. No!

ZORAYA. Besides, he would not come before night!

AISHA. Ah! I hope he will not come this evening—and never again!

ZORAYA. Silence! You wretch! Do you want

me to die of sorrow?

AISHA. That would be better than being buried alive in an oubliette as poor Kalem's accomplice and for a crime similar to his!

ZORAYA. I should die first!

AISHA. Allah! Allah! listen to her—Where is there a love that has made any one reasonable! All these nights I have been there, I, cowering on my couch waiting and listening and trembling at the least noise. And you can be happy—you—with such a menace hanging over you!—What folly!

ZORAYA. (*Rising and putting away the cards*) You do not understand anything, poor Aisha! To love without peril is beautiful—it is the common kind of love. But the kind that is outlawed, accursed and condemned at its beginning—the love that braves all perils, that defies death, that brings the bitter-sweet of forbidden kisses and maddening embraces during which it is said, "This may be the last!"—that is love!—that is love!

AISHA. (*Groaning*) Ah!

ZORAYA. Be silent! This time it is his step. (*She runs to the door at the left and opens it*) It is he!—Ah! it is he!—It is he!

ENRIQUE *appears on the threshold of the little door.*

ZORAYA. Finally—Ah! God!—At last! at last! (*To AISHA as she passes ENRIQUE to fasten the little door*) Watch carefully. (*After fastening the draperies, AISHA goes into the garden.*)

SCENE FOUR

ZORAYA, ENRIQUE

ZORAYA. (*To ENRIQUE*) Your heart beats!—
You have been running?

ENRIQUE. Yes!

ZORAYA. They have pursued you?

ENRIQUE. (*Removing his mantle*) No!

ZORAYA. And on the road, did you see no one?

ENRIQUE. Not one person! (*He places on the stool his mantle, his hat and his sword.*) I did not come by way of the bridge, but by the path up the hillside after crossing the river in a boat.

ZORAYA. (*Seated on the cushions*) In daylight! What imprudence! And instead of coming last night when I waited so anxiously for you!

ENRIQUE. I, too, have had occasion to think of that!—When I left you at dawn the day before yesterday I saw standing at the end of the bridge a man whom I knew had no ordinary reason for being there at that hour. I passed him quickly, covering myself closely with my cloak. He followed me, but I reached my residence after throwing him off my trail in an alley.

ZORAYA. He followed you?—You are certain?

ENRIQUE. Absolutely certain. It was to baffle him that I forced myself to remain away from you last night and the night before and that I crossed the river in a boat, below the Mirador.

ZORAYA. Yes! (*Rising*) Oh! it is clear now! It is well for you that they watched only at night.

ENRIQUE. And why?

ZORAYA. The men watched there behind those fig trees. (*He goes toward the terrace.*) No!—they have gone away, thinking it useless to watch for you in the daytime.

ENRIQUE. How many?

ZORAYA. Three. One of them seemed to be the chief.

ENRIQUE. Did he have a small, grizzly beard?

ZORAYA. Yes.

ENRIQUE. (*Eagerly*) It was he who spied upon me. I believe I recognize him! (*Sits himself at right on the fountain basin.*) It is Cardenos, one of my father's old soldiers, but now an agent of the Holy Office and a religious bigot!

ZORAYA. (*At his right, standing*) Then! he has recognized you!

ENRIQUE. I doubt it. He would hardly wait one day. He knows only that you are receiving some unknown person in the night. If I were suspected they would prowl round my house and I have seen nothing of them—At least, whatever there is in this, we must be on guard.

ZORAYA. Oh, yes!

ENRIQUE. And for the sake of prudence give up seeing each other.

ZORAYA. For several days—surely.

ENRIQUE. Say—some weeks.

ZORAYA. (*Protesting*) Several weeks?

ENRIQUE. It is the only way to stop them from spying upon us.

ZORAYA. Several weeks!—without seeing each other?

ENRIQUE. My Zoraya, you must resign yourself to it.

ZORAYA. Resign myself!—Oh, resignation is easy for you! Our love is not the only affair of your life!—But I!—I cannot conquer my loneliness after you depart with the thought that you will return when the first star flowers in the heavens. I shall no more, during the great heat of the day, dream of the night's divine joys, which live again in thoughts of you. I shall feel lonely enough in this house during the coolness of evening when alone I shall hear the soft wind in the branches, the songs of my birds, the purling of my streams—then all that charms me at other times will bring in your absence only sorrow and tears!—Those two nights without you, how long they seemed!—and you speak of weeks!—several weeks, you say. “Where is he? What is he doing? Does he think of me? If he should never return!” (ENRIQUE *makes a quick movement.*) Ah! perhaps that is what you wish to say and dare not tell me!

ENRIQUE. I!

ZORAYA. If you fear those men?—If you wish to see me no more?

ENRIQUE. (*Protesting*) You believe me cowardly!—When I have risked myself in plain day to see you for an instant!

ZORAYA. That is true!—But you seem so preoccupied, so troubled—

ENRIQUE. Like yourself—by this danger.

ZORAYA. Yes, but I am more tender than you—While you—they say that your heart is always far away—far away from me!—Look at me!—I want

you to look at me!—Quickly!—without taking time to invent a lie! (*She turns ENRIQUE'S face toward her.*) Your gaze seems to tell me that your love has been stolen from me!

ENRIQUE. Ah! My charmer! What a long time until then!—Since the hour when we first met, they have followed me everywhere, those eyes, there—they call to me day and night!—Ramiro had said to me, “Take care, my lord, that the magician does not throw over you some kind of a love charm!”

ZORAYA. Ramiro is a silly fellow. There has been neither a magician nor magic. “Life,” said my father, “is a combat, where, like flights of arrows, contrary minds strive among themselves for a victory, which finally rests with the fallen.” I desired ardently to be loved by you. You did not know how to defend yourself. I have shot my arrow into your heart—in that lies all of my sorcery.

ENRIQUE. And why did you so fervently desire me to love you?

ZORAYA. (*Passing ENRIQUE, to the left*) First, because of cowardice, my dear lord!—to extort from you my pardon—and later on, if I conquered you, to flee from Toledo!

ENRIQUE. Ingrate!

ZORAYA. (*Sitting*) It is bold of me to tell you now—and next—for bravado, malice and revenge!

ENRIQUE. Revenge?

ZORAYA. Yes, yes, revenge! I wanted to have the pleasure of humiliating in you the Spaniard, the Christian, the conqueror of my people, the enemy of my race, which you declare impure! I wanted to make you renounce your faith like the heroes of

that book of love (*she points to the book on the table*), "Celastine," which you have given me to read—like Calixte, who said to his dear Melibee: "I am no more Christian or pagan. I am Melibee! I believe in no one but Melibee, I adore no one but Melibee!" And, after all!—after all!—I wanted to be loved—for the sake of love! Leaning against you, nearly in your arms, as I am now, with your cheek brushing my cheek—I felt little by little the chaste coldness of my widowhood, which Aisha always glorified, melting like snow in the glowing warmth of our clasped hands, in the burning breath from our hot lips—This fever of love which I believe will never be cured has crept stealthily into my blood. I am like one intoxicated. And when you say to me: "Go away, you are free!" I shall take with me in leaving the hope, the dear hope, that you will come to me very soon on some dark night and demand a ransom for my freedom. Ah! my adored conqueror, you are well avenged! She who would rule is no more than an humble slave at your feet, subdued and tender as a tamed gazelle! (*Sounds of the distant bells. ENRIQUE starts. ZORAYA does not move.*) What disturbs you?

ENRIQUE. Those bells!

ZORAYA. Well, they are ringing. What is that to us?

ENRIQUE. It means that they are calling me and that it is time for us to part.

ZORAYA. (*Rising*) So soon? What for? You may remain here until the hour of the siesta when the streets are deserted.

ENRIQUE. Oh, no! That is impossible! (*He*

rises.)

ZORAYA. Impossible!

ENRIQUE. There is to be a great feast in the palace and a great ceremony in the cathedral. All of my men are under arms and I must be at their head. I have scarcely time to return to the city in the same way that I came.

ZORAYA. By boat?

ENRIQUE. Yes. (*He takes up his hat, mantle and sword.*)

ZORAYA. And if they should watch for you on the other side of the river?

ENRIQUE. Do not dream of that!—Fear nothing!

ZORAYA. Oh! I fear everything just now, those men—and for you!

ENRIQUE. For me?

ZORAYA. Yes! Yes! For either of us, who knows? Last night I had a menacing dream! You entered by that door! I ran to you! You were nothing but a shadow, a vapor which dissolved in my arms!

ENRIQUE. What folly!—A dream!

ZORAYA. All dreams are not lies! If this one should be true, what then?—Do assure me that you are not going away to forsake me!

ENRIQUE. Oh!

ZORAYA. For another!

ENRIQUE. Hush! Hush!

ZORAYA. I would kill you first!—No, no! Do not believe that! Pardon me for saying that—I have suffered so much during these last two days. And such bad omens! When do we meet again?

ENRIQUE. God knows when! So soon as we can without danger.

ZORAYA. Here?

ENRIQUE. Oh, no!

ZORAYA. Where then?

ENRIQUE. I shall advise you.

ZORAYA. (*In his arms*) And how shall I know?

ENRIQUE. That will be arranged!—And, until I come, my dear love, believe nothing, do you hear!—nothing, only in my love for you! (*The bells begin to ring again.*)

ZORAYA. Ah! those bells which always take you from my arms!

ENRIQUE. I hope to see you soon!

ZORAYA. Watch carefully during your return to the city.

ENRIQUE. Yes, yes!

She gazes at him until he disappears through the doorway.

SCENE FIVE

AISHA opens the curtains in the left arch. Seeing that ZORAYA is alone, she descends into the scene.

AISHA. He is gone?

ZORAYA. (*Going back to the right*) Yes, and let us hope safely. He will not return until many days have passed.

AISHA. I have turned away the poor men who came at their usual hour seeking aid from you.

ZORAYA. Ah! I am in a fine state of mind to console others!

AISHA. I have again given Al Mansour's wife that black liquor which lessens her husband's sufferings. I also gave a purse of gold to Farizade. Poor Saada is here again. She is discouraged. Her sister suffers more than ever from that malady.

ZORAYA. Alas! And there is no remedy!

AISHA. She begs you to have pity on this unfortunate woman, who asks that death relieve her and who implores you to send her a beverage which will put her into a sweet and everlasting sleep. (*The bells stop ringing.*)

ZORAYA. Ah! that is the right kind of charity. They give that to a diseased dog, but they condemn human beings whom they love to suffer useless tortures—it is barbarous and stupid!

AISHA. Saada will return tomorrow.

ZORAYA. Prepare for her bitter almond essence in a covering of pure wax the size of a muscat grain. That will take away the poor girl in less time than one can say: "There is no other God but Allah!" If it is a crime to do this, I am ready to face the charge. Is that all?

AISHA. (*With hesitation*) No!—there is another whom I did not want to send away. It is an urgent case, she said. She is anxiously waiting out there.

ZORAYA. Do I know her?

AISHA. (*The same*) She is an old friend of your mother's—Fatoum.

ZORAYA. (*Quickly*) That wretched woman who was converted! I will not see her!

AISHA. She assures me she has been faithful to the Prophet's law.

ZORAYA. Well, what does she want?

AISHA. She is accompanied by a young girl in a litter.

ZORAYA. Ill?

AISHA. Probably.

ZORAYA. Let Fatoum alone enter.

SCENE SIX

ZORAYA, AISHA, FATOUM

AISHA *raises the portière at the left to admit FATOUM, an old Moorish woman, who has been converted.*

ZORAYA. Come forward!

FATOUM. (*She goes to ZORAYA, who is seated, kneels and kisses the hem of her skirt*) May Allah be merciful to you and rain his gifts upon you!

ZORAYA. (*Severely*) Dare you pronounce His sacred name, you who have renounced the God of your fathers! Take care that He does not hear you!

FATOUM. He reads my heart and sees that I am converted only because I do not want to be separated from the child, whom I have brought here.

ZORAYA. Your daughter?

FATOUM. By birth, no, Zoraya; by affection, ah! certainly, yes! She was ten years old when her mother died, and I have reared her.

ZORAYA. A Spaniard?

FATOUM. Yes! You alone can heal her.

ZORAYA. That is a case for the Christian physicians.

FATOUM. They know little or nothing. I have come to you because your father—on him rested Allah's benediction—was their master in everything and taught you the secrets of his art.

ZORAYA. Well, who is she?

FATOUM. She consented to come only when I promised not to reveal her name.

ZORAYA. Then she may go!

FATOUM. Zoraya, have pity! This child's father is a hardened Catholic!—If he knew that I had taken his daughter to a Moor's home, I would be cruelly punished! Out of fondness for me, she keeps it a secret!

ZORAYA. She need not know that you have betrayed it.

FATOUM. If you promise me——

ZORAYA. Yes, I promise!—Who is she?

FATOUM. Doña Joana, daughter of the Governor of Toledo!

ZORAYA. (*Quickly rising*) That madman who is hunting our refugees in the Sierra and killing them without pity!

FATOUM. Allah, the Most High, rewards the faithful for their sufferings! This child is innocent of her father's cruelties. She is charitable and good, the same as we ourselves. Moreover, she is very pious. She has been out of the convent only four days and will be married today.

ZORAYA. Ah! those bells!

FATOUM. Her marriage! In order to have her visit you we have taken advantage of a journey to the convent of Mercy on this beautiful morning to ask the benediction of the abbess.

ZORAYA. The convent of Mercy!—In it is confined the poor creature who loved Kalem, whom they stoned to death.

FATOUM. I do not know.

ZORAYA. I, myself, know it—and I shall tell Joana my price for healing her—Let her enter!

AISHA and FATOUM go out and return, bringing in JOANA.

SCENE SEVEN

THE SAME PERSONS AND DOÑA JOANA

JOANA enters, timid, frightened and supported in FATOUM's arms.

ZORAYA. (*Kindly*) Do you not fear, señorita, to come into a pagan's home?

JOANA. Fatoum has told me that you are charitable. That is the law of the Gospel!

ZORAYA. And also that of the Koran—In that our religions are the same!—Seat yourself, my daughter (*she sits upon the cushions at her side*)—and tell me your trouble.

JOANA. (*Timidly*) Permit Fatoum to tell it instead of me.

FATOUM. (*Seated on a stool which AISHA has placed in the left of the scene*) It is very strange—She rises in her sleep at night. Without seeing any

one, she goes, comes, attends to her ordinary duties and returns to her bed—and during all that time she is in a dream.

ZORAYA. (*Taking JOANA's hand, which relaxes*) And she remembers nothing of it?

JOANA. Oh, nothing!

FATOUM. This also happened in the convent.

ZORAYA. No, no! I prefer to have her tell me about it, herself.

JOANA. While in the convent I was frequently seized at night by a desire which led me to walk barefoot through the corridors to the chapel where I lighted the altar candles, prayed and sang a canticle!—and the next day the candles were still burning and I would not believe that I had lighted them. I prayed in vain to God to deliver me from this infirmity. I decided to come to you this morning with Fatoum, who says you are so wise!—For I am to be married today. If my husband sees me get up in the night and promenade like a phantom, he will believe it is a punishment from Heaven!—He will abhor me and I will die of shame!

ZORAYA. (*Leaning towards her*) And during the day when you pray you fall into a dream of ecstasy, do you not—and you make believe that you are no more on this earth?

JOANA. (*Feeling gradually the suggestions to sleep*) Oh, yes—yes!—It is so beautiful! Ah, it is delicious! I see Heaven!—blue—all blue, encircled with a golden light!—I hear the songs of seraphim and archangels!—

ZORAYA. And is all beautiful in this delicious slumber into which you are falling?

JOANA. (*Sleepily*) Yes!—Yes, beautiful!

ZORAYA. As this? (*She closes JOANA's eyes.*)

JOANA. Yes!—I see—I—I——

ZORAYA. Sleep! I want you to!

JOANA *falls asleep with her head resting on ZORAYA's shoulder.*

FATOUM. (*In a low voice*) Is she asleep?

ZORAYA. It is a sleep like that in which she walks at night.

FATOUM. Joana!—Señorita!—My child!

JOANA *does not move.*

ZORAYA. She does not hear your voice!—Does she also speak of taking the veil?

FATOUM. Ah, God!—It is her only dream. But she is her father's only child. He will not consent to it and is obliging her to marry, which makes her disconsolate.

ZORAYA. Does she object to the marriage, or to the man who is to be her husband? (*Calling*) Joana! (*JOANA moves. ZORAYA continues.*) Answer!—Do you feel tenderly for him whom you are to marry?

JOANA. (*Feebly*) I do not love him.

ZORAYA. Then, it is a feeling of aversion?

JOANA. No! (*Sadly*) I do not want to marry!—I want to be a nun.

FATOUM. Do you hear that!—To me, to her father, to the abbess and to the sisters at Mercy—she has nothing to say but: "I want to be a nun." Do you think that they have encouraged her with that idea in the convent and pictured marriage as something frightful? She is afraid that she will fall into one of those sleep-walking dreams tonight,

which would cause a scandal!

ZORAYA. Perhaps marriage would cure this malady.

FATOUM. Oh! I implore you, Zoraya, to heal her yourself, at once——

ZORAYA. In a day, it is impossible!—Can you not come later? I shall surely succeed in curing her by frequently placing her in the present state in which she thinks of nothing, feels nothing and moves only at my command.

FATOUM. Is it possible?—It is magic!

ZORAYA. No!—It is one of the mysterious laws of Nature that one will can fasten upon another, as mine has upon this child's, and cause it to submit. It is so, Fatoum, for good or bad. If my power over this weaker creature were better established, and not so recent, I could say to her at this moment: "On such a day, at such an hour, you shall sleep this same sleep." And unless she guarded herself while asleep, the least remembrance of that order on the stated day and hour would cause her to sleep unexpectedly in spite of her will, completely enslaved by mine. It is time to awaken her.

FATOUM. Not yet, I pray you!—Your will is so powerful. Can you not give her some protection against this disease tonight?

ZORAYA. I can attempt it with great hope of success.

FATOUM. Oh! do it, Zoraya!—Do it! I shall forever bless you!

ZORAYA. Joana! I tell you not to have the least fear that your trouble will return tonight. I have protected you. Do you understand?

JOANA. (*Feebly*) Yes!—Yes!

FATOUM. May Allah reward you!

ZORAYA. I tell you to awaken.

She draws JOANA to her, leans over her shoulder, places her hand on the top of her head, breathes on her eyes and opens her eyelids.

JOANA sighs, rouses herself, awakens and looks astonished.

JOANA. (*Sadly*) Ah! you see!—I have slept again.

ZORAYA. No, señorita, no!—It is I who made you sleep.

JOANA. You can do that!

ZORAYA. And can also cure you.

JOANA. (*Quickly*) God has guided you!

ZORAYA. Be assured, your malady will not trouble you tonight. (*Signs of joy from JOANA. ZORAYA continues.*) All service, of course, is worthy of reward. Therefore, I put a price on your healing.

JOANA. Ah! I promise to pay in advance.

ZORAYA. You are going to the convent of Mercy?

JOANA. Yes, to ask for the blessing of the Holy Abbess.

ZORAYA. There is in that convent a Christian maid, who, for having loved Kalem, is confined in a dungeon where she never sees daylight, where she awaits death to deliver her, if she has not yet answered its call.

JOANA. Yes, poor girl, I know—but her crime—

ZORAYA. You should quickly judge her as be-

ing the least guilty.—Implore for that unfortunate girl the mercy of the abbess, who will refuse you nothing on this, your nuptial day—Ask that this miserable creature be brought out of her living tomb, that she be given a cell where she may see a ray of sunlight, and that she be fed with other nourishment than bread and water, which increase the sufferings to which she is condemned. As for this today—Too late, we fear.

JOANA. I shall request this as a favor.

ZORAYA. You swear that you will?

JOANA. Before God!

The distant bells again ring.

ZORAYA. (*Without rising*) Those are your marriage bells, dear child. (*AISHA assists JOANA to rise*) I hope that you will have good health, a happy and contented love and that your youth will be decked with flowers.

JOANA *leaves with AISHA, while FATOUM stops to kiss ZORAYA's hand.*

FATOUM. Allah's benediction upon you!

FATOUM goes out with JOANA.

SCENE EIGHT

ZORAYA, AISHA, ZAGUIR

At the instant that FATOUM and JOANA disappear in the garden, ZAGUIR appears on the threshold of the little door.

ZORAYA. You followed those men?

ZAGUIR. Yes, mistress!—Far into the city, but

I lost them in the crowd. All of the world seems to be in the streets, for there is a great fête.

ZORAYA. Yes, I know—the marriage.

ZAGUIR. Of the Governor's daughter and Don Enrique Palacios!

ZORAYA stifles a heartrending cry.

AISHA. (*Running to ZORAYA*) Ah! unhappy child! (*ZORAYA clings fast to her, bewildered, swaying, choking. She finally falls on the cushions between AISHA and ZAGUIR, who rush to aid her.*) My Zoraya!—My poor Zoraya!

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE—*Evening in a Spanish patio in the governor's palace. It is seen obliquely. In the foreground and on the three other sides a portico of columns surrounds the central space which is open to the sky. The court is ornamented with flowers and shrubs and pomegranate, orange, myrtle and laurel trees in red earthen pots. Seats of all kinds are scattered about. At the foot, on the ground floor, is a large chamber with a door in the middle and windows on the sides. At the right, in the foreground, under the portico, a small stairway of five carpeted steps faces the audience and ends on a landing which gives access to a vestibule and the bridal chamber, where the outlines of dimly-lighted windows are seen. The columns of the portico are decorated with palms, foliage and flowers fastened with silk ribbons. Roses and jasmines climb on the walls. At the left, clearly in view, is a door opening on the street, which is brightly lighted by the moon when the door is open. The moon also shines intensely bright on the front and right side of the house. The rooms on the first floor have lighted windows. Lanterns hang from the pillars of the portico. Hung from a pillar at the left, a Madonna lamp lights the front of the scene. There are doors at the right, the left, the foot and at the extremities of the portico.*

Through the door and windows of the first floor is seen the great dining chamber containing a table. In the scene, cavaliers, women, bourgeoisie and invited guests of all kinds are seated everywhere; valets are hurrying about passing basins of silver with fruits, cake, etc. The señoras, seated, fan themselves, chatter and gossip. There is a loud noise of talk and laughter. Music is heard in the banquet hall, interrupted with lively bursts of applause and exclamations of joy. Little Spanish airs are played sweetly on instruments like flutes, violins and hautebois.

SCENE ONE

CARDENOS, RAMIRO, DOÑA RUFINA, DOÑA SERAFINA, DOÑA SYRENA, DOÑA FABIA, VELASCO, DON AMBROSIO, RIOUBOS, CRISTOBOL, *Cavaliers, Women, etc.*

AMBROSIO, SYRENA, SERAFINA, FABIA, *are seated in the foreground. CRISTOBOL and RIOUBOS are outside.*

DOÑA FABIA. Ah! here is Doña Rufina.

DOÑA RUFINA *enters with RAMIRO into the foreground. Salutations.*

RAMIRO. (*To DOÑA RUFINA*) Then, Señora, you were not at the cathedral?

DOÑA RUFINA. (*Seating herself in a chair which RAMIRO places at the left*) No!—I have just arrived from Aranjuez, bringing the Queen's gift to the bride—a very costly girdle-buckle.

CRISTOBOL. It was a beautiful ceremony, Señora.
RIOUBOS. His Eminence Cardinal Ximénès himself pronounced the nuptial blessing.

DOÑA SYRENA. Naturally! Doña Joana is his god-daughter.

DOÑA RUFINA. The city seems to me very gay.

DOÑA FABIA. Compared with it ordinarily.

RAMIRO. Yes, all day they have had on the Plaza del Zocodover entertainments by jugglers, buffoons, dancers and monstrous African monkeys!

DON AMBROSIO. (*An old cavalier sitting in an arm-chair*) Yes, at this moment there is singing and dancing in all the public places.

DOÑA SYRENA. Among us, this marriage was a long time postponed.

DOÑA FABIA. Yes—they were betrothed five years.

RAMIRO. Pardon me, Señoras. When Don Enrique's father—the Lord Palacios—felt that he could not live much longer he decided to select a wife for his son's future marriage. He and the Governor made an arrangement whereby Don Enrique and Doña Joana were affianced. As Doña Joana was then only ten years old, her father made her go to the convent to grow up!

DOÑA RUFINA. They say she became so devout they believed she would never come out.

DOÑA SYRENA. She did not have a radiant air in the church—the bride!

RIOUBOS. No more than did Enrique.

CRISTOBOL. There was one radiant person—the Governor!

VELASCO. (*Unexpectedly*) Undoubtedly because

his daughter did not take the veil!

RAMIRO. (*To VELASCO*) What! are you here, Velasco?—I believed you were in Alpujarras, chasing the Moors.

VELASCO. (*Bowing to the women*) I was, in a way; but I have returned for this fête.

DON AMBROSIO. Have they not yet taught these rebels to be reasonable?

VELASCO. They have retreated into inaccessible places where it is impossible to follow them.

DON AMBROSIO. They are chasing these pagans too long.

RAMIRO. Not now, Don Ambrosio. His Eminence and the Governor are after them with the hand of death.

DON AMBROSIO. Then, Ramiro, you will see the advantages of severe treatment. Within six months thousands of Moors will be converted.

Murmurs of satisfaction. The music ceases.

CARDENOS. That is a mere farce, my Lord Ambrosio! (*Gravely*) These new Christians are liars—they go to mass, only to laugh when they come away. They themselves confess of avowing only to silly things. When their children are baptized, they wash them quickly to cleanse them of what they call the pollution of the blessed holy oil. (*Murmurs of indignation*) Their daughters are married at our altars, dressed as Christians, but when they reënter their homes they dress themselves as Moors—and celebrate their nuptials with dances and forbidden Arabian songs, such as the zambra, to the music of tambourines, trumpet-shells, cymbals and other instruments also forbidden!

DOÑA RUFINA. For my part, I can overlook the zambra and the tambourine, but I strongly approve prohibiting Moorish women from dyeing their eyebrows and eyelashes. They are bold enough looking without that.

DOÑA SYRENA. Oh, my! I think the most admirable royal edict is the one which provides the penalty of execution for any intimacy between a Spaniard and a Mooress—for there are truly beautiful girls in the homes of these Africans, and you are not too little inclined, my lords, to perceive them.

RIOUBOS. And for my part, Señora, I strongly approve of the edict which punishes with solitary confinement in a dungeon any Spanish woman who loves one of these blacks to whose beauty you are not always indifferent.

DOÑA SYRENA. (*Quickly*) Oh! but that is all the more excusable.

Laughter and exclamations.

DOÑA RUFINA (*Quickly*) Ah, my dear, what did you say then?

DOÑA SYRENA. (*A little confused by her blunder*) You see!—Yes!—The circumstances are very different.

The same sounds of laughter.

RAMIRO. Ah! see, I beg of you, Señora—see the difference!

DOÑA SYRENA. What!—If the intrigue has results, is it not so?

ALL. Yes!

RAMIRO. A child!

DOÑA SYRENA. In the first case, the mother being Moorish the child is a little Mussulman—in the

second case, where the mother is Spanish, it is a little Christian!—Dear angel!—And there are never too many of those!

ALL. (*Laughing in approval*) Oh! very good! Very ingenious! Charming!

Three trumpet calls are sounded in the banquet room.

DOÑA RUFINA. The banquet is ended. (*She rises.*)

DOÑA SYRENA. They are going to drink to the healths of the newly married ones!

All rise. Shouts and acclamations in the hall, followed by very sweet music. All the guests come out, those in front turning to look into the banquet hall. FATOUM appears on the pavement, while valets distribute flowers among the assistants.

SCENE TWO

THE SAME, FATOUM AND ZORAYA

ZORAYA, veiled, cautiously enters unnoticed from the street and goes to the middle of the foreground. While getting her bearings, she sees FATOUM on the landing-place and goes toward her, raising her veil.

ZORAYA. Fatoum!

FATOUM. Ah! Zoraya!

ZORAYA. (*Imposing silence with a gesture*) Yes! —I concluded that results would be surer if I repeated the mesmeric treatment which I gave Joana

this morning.

FATOUM. Oh! I am grateful to you! You have arrived at an opportune time! It is the end of the banquet. They are now offering congratulations. Joana is about to enter her apartment. You will pass for one of the new servant women whom I have chosen!

She points to the landing-place of the right stairway and leads her to it.

ZORAYA. Ah! it is there?

FATOUM. Yes, where the windows are lighted.

ZORAYA. (*Looking about*) And he!—Where is he?

FATOUM. He?

ZORAYA. The husband!

FATOUM. In the large chamber waiting for the poor child to be put to bed.

ZORAYA stops on the stairway an instant to turn towards the banquet hall, then follows

FATOUM.

SCENE THREE

THE SAME WITHOUT ZORAYA AND FATOUM.

AFTERWARD DOÑA JOANA AND HER WOMEN,
CLEOFAS

While dance music is being played, the great double door of the chamber is thrown open—the guests crowd to the windows. The women arrange themselves at the left of the patio, the men at the right. DOÑA JOANA comes out of the chamber, followed by her

female attendants. As she descends, she is saluted by the women, who make courtesies before her, and by the cavaliers, who bow. Each, at the moment she passes, throws a flower at her feet and murmurs a wish for happiness.

DOÑA SYRENA. Joy and health, Señora!

DOÑA RUFINA. Be happy, Doña Joana!

DOÑA SERAFINA. Everlasting happiness, Señora!

THE CAVALIERS. Our best wishes, Señora!

DOÑA JOANA *thanks them as she descends into the foreground and goes up the steps leading to her apartment. The women watch her and bow reverently as she stops on the threshold to look at them before entering the room. FATOUM is waiting for her. The music stops when they enter.*

DOÑA FABIA. *(At the left with DOÑA RUFINA and DOÑA SYRENA, after JOANA disappears)* She is pale, the dear!

DOÑA RUFINA. *(Giggling)* With emotion!

DOÑA SYRENA. They create such false ideas about a moment like that!

DOÑA RUFINA. And exaggerate them so!

They group themselves, seated, near the right column. After the procession has passed, CLEOFAS descends at the right, talking with RAMIRO and CRISTOBOL. The guests disperse in the patio, sitting or standing. There is a murmur of confused voices.

CLEOFAS. Whew!—it is warm in that chamber!

DOÑA SYRENA. *(To DOÑA FABIA in a low*

voice) Especially after they have emptied all the flagons!

DOÑA RUFINA. (*To CLEOFAS*) Cleofas would have done well had he given the bride some comforting elixir.

CLEOFAS. (*Gaily*) Oh, yes! Those nuns have pictured marriage to her as something horrible!

DOÑA RUFINA. The poor little child has had no one to give her a mother's care.

RAMIRO. Oh, yes!—there is Fatoum, the convert, who has brought her up.

DON AMBROSIO. And, speaking of converts, Master Cleofas, the Very Holy Inquisition, of which you are the physician, seems to me to be enjoying a very long moment of leisure.

CLEOFAS. (*With satisfaction*) Oh, oh! the Tribunal is not out of work. And, after a short time, I believe that I may promise these ladies a very jolly bonfire.

Murmurs of satisfaction.

DOÑA SYRENA. Of heretics?

CLEOFAS. Of heretics, Moors, Jews, renegades and backsliders—a sample of each.

DOÑA RUFINA. And of sorcerers?

CLEOFAS. Of sorcerers and sorceresses, also—but fewer in number than is desirable.

CARDENOS. (*To CLEOFAS in a low voice*) Master Cleofas, I should like to say two words to you in that regard.

CLEOFAS. At Your Grace's disposition!

He goes to the left of the scene, followed by CRISTOBOL, RIOUBOS and RAMIRO, who surround him.

CARDENOS. You have not forgotten an Arabian physician named Abou-Abassa?

CLEOFAS. A physician!—said to be a charlatan, who resided on the left bank of the river in a house on the hillside, where his daughter now lives.

CARDENOS. Zoraya!

CLEOFAS. Oh, yes! I knew him!—I was enraged to see Bishop Talavera honor and protect a Moor, who had, they say, healed a sprain with friction—in reality, Cardenos, by means of mystic signs and magic incantations.

CARDENOS. Then you are sure that man was——

CLEOFAS. A necromancer! And worse than that! Listen and judge, friend Cardenos! (*He seats himself*) One day I was riding my mule on the road leading to the bridge of San Martino. They called to me to examine a child which had been taken from the river apparently dead. "Have you," I asked, dismounting, "suspended it by the feet in order to expel the water from the body? 'Yes, lord'—And that has not resulted in resuscitation?—'No, lord'—Then, there is nothing more to do. Good evening!"—And I passed on—The child was dead, was it not?

CARDENOS AND THE YOUNG MEN. Yes!

CLEOFAS. Eight days later I re-passed the same place and whom do you think I saw playing on the rocks with a gang of ragamuffins?—Who?—My drowned child!

ALL. Oh!

CLEOFAS. Astounded, I questioned the child and found that after I left they had recourse to that

quack, Abou-Abassa, who had breathed in the child's mouth, made strange motions with its arms and succeeded in reanimating him after an hour and one half!—The magic was shown in the breathing and gestures and in this diabolical resurrection, which was an ignoble parody on the miracles in the Scriptures!

CARDENOS. It is the same evidence.

CLEOFAS. The wretch is dead!—But, his daughter, who has been devoted to the works of the devil since her birth, interferes just as he did with the treatment of my patients: even with my own governor, Pétronille, whom I attended after fainting spells. I gave him hartshorn, which, you know, is the best cure for such illnesses, as is also the oil of ants and the salt of wood-lice—what is it they call this Olivera—whom they have given me for a colleague in the Tribunal?

CARDENOS. The surgeon?

CLEOFAS. Yes, this ignoramus goes so far as to make sport of the inclusion of pearls and precious stones in our remedies; as if it were not proved every day that sapphires are the principal cures for ulcers, and emeralds infallible preventatives of pests!

He rises.

CARDENOS. Assuredly!

CLEOFAS. Between us, this Olivera is to be watched, Cardenos—I am sure he believes more in the devil and witches than he does in medicine.

CARDENOS. What is your reason?

CLEOFAS. Oh! nothing—He smells of it and I advise you to watch him—I said then—where was I?

CARDENOS. You spoke of Pétronille.

CLEOFAS. Ah! yes, my governor! Do you believe that this wretch would, without consulting me, let himself be conducted to Zoraya's home? Seeing him lively and apparently cured, I said: "Ha, my hartshorn powders?"—"No such thing!" he replied. "It was not your powders—it was a remedy which the Moorish woman gave me!—Swindler! pick up your packets and leave at once."—It is better for me to work myself to death giving my own remedies than to deceive patients with the kinds which she uses!

CARDENOS. Certainly!—if it is magic——

CLEOFAS. It is magic, Cardenos, do not doubt it. This sorceress is competing with me dishonestly. This is not all—she takes no pay from the poor for her attention or her medicines. And will you believe me when I tell you that she sends them away with their hands full of gold?—We shall have to struggle now!—Our practise is being ruined.

CARDENOS. Your Honor may be reassured—they have an eye on her.

An agent of the Inquisition, dressed in black, enters from the street.

THE AGENT. (*Going to them*) Lord Cardenos, His Eminence prays you to come without delay, for urgent business.

CARDENOS. I shall come at once!—This, Master Cleofas, may have something to do with your Moress.

CLEOFAS. Good! Good!

CARDENOS *and the man go into the street.*
They play a saraband in the banquet hall.

SCENE FOUR

THE SAME, DON ENRIQUE, LOPEZ DE PADILLA,
GUESTS, MEN AND WOMEN, ETC.

DON ENRIQUE, *accompanied by LOPEZ DE PADILLA and other cavaliers and gentlemen, descends from the banquet chamber in the midst of an uproar of congratulations and salutations, the cavaliers kissing the hands of the women. The guests begin to disperse. Most of them go out of the door into the street; others go out at the left. There is laughter as they go away.*

DOÑA RUFINA, DOÑA FABIA and DOÑA SYRENA.
(*To ENRIQUE, laughing and making courtesies*)
Good night, my lord.

He conducts them to the door opening on the street. Returning, he finds PADILLA and some friends. Meanwhile the servants put out the lanterns and the patio is lighted only by the moon.

PADILLA. (*Surrounded by the men, to ENRIQUE*) The only thing which marred this feast, Don Enrique, was the absence of your father, whom we needed.

ENRIQUE. It was the fulfillment of his dearest wish and I thank Your Excellency.

PADILLA. I have bestowed upon you, my child, all of the esteem and affection which I had for the dear companion-in-arms of my youth. I have placed in your care what is dearest to me in this world with the assurance that you will be a tender hus-

band to my adored daughter.

ENRIQUE. And to you, my lord (*he kisses his hand*) a most respectful son.

PADILLA. (*To the others*) Then, gentlemen, it is time for such graybeards as we to leave this impatient youth.—Until tomorrow, my child!

ENRIQUE. Until tomorrow, my father!

While the valets are closing the street door on the last departing guests, PADILLA and the other gentlemen go towards the left door, accompanied to the threshold by ENRIQUE. JOANA'S women attendants descend the stairway, cross the patio and leave by the door at the right. They meet ENRIQUE coming up. He descends and receives their salutes as they pass, turning toward the stairway to re-ascend after they have disappeared. At that moment all is dark, except the vestibule, the landing-place and the right window. While the women are going out, ZORAYA comes out of the vestibule, stops on the landing-place to assure herself that the patio is vacant and motionless awaits ENRIQUE.

SCENE FIVE

ZORAYA, ENRIQUE

This scene follows the last sounds of laughter, conversation and music.

ENRIQUE. (*Stopping at the foot of the stairway on seeing ZORAYA veiled*) Who are you, wom-

an, and why do you not leave with the others?
(ZORAYA is silent.) Do you not hear me?—Who are you?

ZORAYA. (*Raising her veil*) I am the sorrow and you are the traitor!

ENRIQUE. (*Recoiling*) Zoraya!

ZORAYA. You have forgotten, have you not, to invite me to this feast?

ENRIQUE. (*Looking about uneasily*) You! here—in this house!

ZORAYA. In your wife's home, yes.

ENRIQUE. To tell her——

ZORAYA. (*Sorrowfully*) Ah! you wretch! Your only thought is for her. My despair does not move you so much as the fear that she will not accept the lover of a Saracen!

ENRIQUE. (*Uneasily*) Lower! Speak lower! I beg of you!

ZORAYA. (*Without listening*) You are not so innocent as you were on the steps of the church——

ENRIQUE. You were there!

ZORAYA. It was to the entire city that I failed to cry: "That Christian is my lover!" But that cry would have sent you to the King's galleys. My heart failed me and coward that I am, I was ready to flee, weeping.

ENRIQUE. Do not condemn me without hearing me!

ZORAYA. Oh, God!—you, you, who this morning—Oh, God! God! Is it possible?

She falls seated at the foot of the column.

ENRIQUE. My Zoraya, my mistake, mine alone for not telling you the first day——

ZORAYA. Do you love this girl?

ENRIQUE. Ah! certainly, no!—I was forced——

ZORAYA. You betrayed me for her?

ENRIQUE. It is she whom I have betrayed for you!—I have known you only three months. She and I were betrothed years ago!—But I was so sure she would take the veil and remain in the convent. After this marriage was arranged contrary to her wish and my own, I found so many pretexts for postponing it that further delay would have roused suspicion. They would have searched for the reason and found it, perhaps. Then!—then, during the last two days when I did not see you, I resolved to confess all to you.—This morning I attempted to tell you—But I saw you so roused over a single thought of another woman that I did not have the courage to cause a scene and withstand your reproaches, which would have been needless, as I could not let your tears cause me to forget my solemn obligations as a Christian, my word as a gentleman and my most sacred duties.

ZORAYA. Yes! All of your duties are sacred except those towards me!—and you hope, do you not, that I have considered them as fulfilled?

ENRIQUE. Yes!

ZORAYA. That I shall receive your return to me with open arms?

ENRIQUE. That you will pardon me, at least, and join me in returning faithfully to our love.

ZORAYA. Oh, indeed!—More in love than ever! The contrast of the Moor and the Spaniard! A variety of pleasures always prevents one's taste from becoming stale!

ENRIQUE. (*Seating himself near her*) But I do not love this child!—I do not love her!

ZORAYA. (*Rising, going to the left*) Yes, this is the cry of the brutal, egotistical male!—You do not love her!—But it is to her that you sacrifice me.—You do not love her, but I stop you on the threshold of her room!—A few paces from her bed!—I should scorn myself as a woman of the street if I could discover in my mind a single thought which is not for you!—I should curse my eyes if they gazed for an instant on any other face but yours!—Where could I wash away the stain if any other lips than yours touched mine?—And it appears natural for you to be at the same time the husband of your wife and the lover of your mistress—to run from one to the other and to bring to me smiling the dessert of your nuptial night!—And it is you who say to me: “Believe nothing, nothing in the world but my love for you!” Ah, coward!—coward! liar!—Here is your love!—Here it is!

ENRIQUE. (*Standing*) My dear Zoraya!

ZORAYA. (*Quickly, restraining her tears*) Oh, leave me! Wretch! Leave me! I hate you!

She leans sobbing against a pillar at the left.

ENRIQUE. Lower! Speak lower!—I beg of you!—If they should hear us!

ZORAYA. Oh! If only they would hear!—Let them come! and let them kill me!—It is all the same to me if it happens now!

They hear the night watchman's halbert striking the pavement stones.

ENRIQUE. (*Frightened and pointing to the street*) Be quiet!—There is some one there!

THE WATCHMAN. (*Outside, passing the door and chanting*) Ave, Maria!—

ENRIQUE. (*In a low voice*) It is the watchman.

THE WATCHMAN. It is the sixth hour!—I am the watchman!

He passes.

ENRIQUE. He has passed! (*He goes to the steps and listens*) But here, these windows!—the valets!—(*Scrutinizing the right vestibule*) And Joana!

ZORAYA. Your wife!—It is not she who can hear us!

ENRIQUE. (*Frightened*) What did you say?

ZORAYA. (*Standing motionless*) Go, and find out for yourself.

ENRIQUE *goes up the steps and enters the room.*

THE WATCHMAN. (*In the distance*) Ave, Maria!

ENRIQUE. (*In the chamber*) Joana! Joana!

THE WATCHMAN. (*Farther away*) It is the sixth hour.

ENRIQUE. (*With the same voice*) Joana!

THE WATCHMAN. (*Faintly in the distance*) I am the watchman!

ENRIQUE. (*Coming out of the room and standing frightened at the end of the stairway*) Ah, wretch!—It is you who did it?

ZORAYA. Yes! It is I!

ENRIQUE. (*Descending the stairs rapidly*) You have killed her?

ZORAYA. Poor child!—She is asleep!

ENRIQUE. (*Going to ZORAYA*) I spoke to her—she heard nothing. I raised her—she fell back

cold.

ZORAYA. She is asleep, I tell you.

ENRIQUE. What power do you possess which will produce a sleep like death?

ZORAYA. What does it matter so long as this is only the appearance of death!—She will sleep until the hour which I have set for her to awaken.—And this is your punishment: when she awakens she will be deaf to your voice, also distant and cold in your arms!—You will then understand that your true wife was not this angelic creature who wanted no other spouse than God, but the Moor, who gave you more love in a single clasp of her hand than this nun in the entire abandonment of her nerveless body, revolting at your caresses.

ENRIQUE. (*At her feet*) What does it matter to me?—I shall not dispute with that virgin over her celestial spouse. And I shall be free for you, for you alone, without causing her grief, or me remorse.

ZORAYA. (*Drawing away*) I do not care to put you to the test!

ENRIQUE. You intend to leave?

ZORAYA. Yes.

ENRIQUE. Alone—tonight?

ZORAYA. I intend to leave Toledo before dawn.

ENRIQUE. To leave Toledo?

ZORAYA. Ah! God, yes!—this accursed city which has nothing but sorrow and peril for me!

ENRIQUE. (*Barring her exit at the door*) What! It is absurd—you shall not go!

ZORAYA. You would prefer to deliver me to the Inquisition?

ENRIQUE. Ah! How unworthy!

ZORAYA. They are seeking for me—tonight, perhaps.

ENRIQUE. And where are you going, poor child?

ZORAYA. Into the Sierra, by paths known only to us, to the homes of the rebels. Later I shall go to Africa and find refuge in my father's brother's home in Tangier.

ENRIQUE. And there will be between us the mountains, the rivers and the sea!—And shall we always be apart, the one from the other?

ZORAYA. You are the one who wishes it.

ENRIQUE. No, I do not wish it—Give up your home!—It is wise—But Toledo!—I know where I can find a refuge for you, which is free from danger.

ZORAYA. For instance, your wife's home!

ENRIQUE. Ah! always she!

ZORAYA. Yes! always she between us!—Always, always she!

ENRIQUE. Neither she nor any person—No one in this world!

ZORAYA. Do you say so truly?

ENRIQUE. Before God!

ZORAYA. You love so much as that?

ENRIQUE. Yes!

ZORAYA. You will sacrifice all for me!—

ENRIQUE. Yes!

ZORAYA. (*In his arms*) Then! Come with me?

ENRIQUE. (*Thrilled*) To the home of your kindred?

ZORAYA. They will receive you as a brother!

ENRIQUE. Me? A Spaniard—an enemy?

ZORAYA. As my lover!

ENRIQUE. With the rebels, me, a soldier?—
Disclaim my king?

ZORAYA. A tyrant!

ENRIQUE. My God?

ZORAYA. He is for every one.

ENRIQUE. And an exile—forever an exile from
my country?

ZORAYA. My own country is the country where
we may love.

ENRIQUE. No, do not say so! It is a crime to
listen to your words.

ZORAYA. My adored Enrique!

ENRIQUE. Deserter! renegade! perjurer. Trait-
or to all my duties for all time! Never! even for
you! Never! Never!

ZORAYA. Stay then, coward, who has caused
me to lose everything!

ENRIQUE. Zoraya!

ZORAYA. Go—return to your wife!

*She opens the street door quickly to go out and
recoils on seeing CARDENOS standing mo-
tionless on the threshold.*

SCENE SIX

THE SAME PERSONS, CARDENOS

ZORAYA. (*Frightened*) Cardenos!

She goes to the left.

ENRIQUE. Cardenos here!—at this hour!

CARDENOS. (*Entering*) I am not more surprised
to see you myself, Don Enrique, than to find you in

such company.

ENRIQUE. (*Who places himself quickly between CARDENOS and the door, which he fastens*) Is that advice, or a threat?

CARDENOS. (*Coldly*) Neither one nor the other! —I am here by order of the Holy-Office to arrest this woman (*movement by ENRIQUE to rejoin and protect ZORAYA*) who practises sorcery.

ZORAYA. That is false!

ENRIQUE. Foolishness!

CARDENOS. You seem to have forgotten the punishment in store for a crime like yours.

ENRIQUE. You are presumptuous!

CARDENOS. (*Continuing coldly*) His Eminence, knowing that this woman was seen to enter this house without coming out, entrusted me with the task of watching at this door to arrest her without noise when she came out and at the same time unknown to you.

ENRIQUE. His Eminence had foreseen that I would not let you do it!

CARDENOS. He has only foreseen your submission and confession for the care which he has taken —out of regard for your name, your rank, and your young wife, his pupil—to separate your case from that of your accomplice, and inflict upon you only a penance which will reconcile you with the Church!

ZORAYA. (*Quickly*) Ah! if that is so, good—I will go with you!

ENRIQUE. (*Violently obstructing her passage*) Are you foolish? (*To CARDENOS.*) Go tell Ximènes that he has no right to my confession unless he provides the same indulgence for her whom

he calls my accomplice.

CARDENOS. You shall say it to him yourself, Señor Enrique. (*To ZORAYA*) Come, you!—Follow me!

ENRIQUE. (*Stopping ZORAYA*) By God! This is insolence!

ZORAYA. Enrique!

ENRIQUE. Silence! (*To CARDENOS*) And you—get out of here!

CARDENOS. Be careful that you do not render indulgence for yourself impossible!

ENRIQUE. That is my own affair!

CARDENOS. And you would lose it for nothing!

ZORAYA. He has a reason!—Let me go!

ENRIQUE. (*Sharply to CARDENOS*) Are you not going?

CARDENOS. I beg of you, my lord, to listen to the prayer of a man as old as your father, and who has known you since you were a child.

ENRIQUE. During that time you should have learned a better profession than the one you are now engaged in.

CARDENOS. He would say the same to you.

ENRIQUE. He can blaspheme me if I have the infamy to deliver up the woman whom I love.—And I would deserve the insults of all the scullions of the city!

ZORAYA. No! No! (*To CARDENOS*) Do not listen to him. Take me away.

CARDENOS *places his hand on her.*

ENRIQUE. (*Stepping between them*) Scoundrel! Do not touch this woman!

CARDENOS. Do you refuse to let her go?

ENRIQUE. I dare to say yes.

CARDENOS. If there is a disturbance and a scandal it will be only because you have wanted it!

He turns to go out. ENRIQUE steps forward between him and the door, putting his hand on his shoulder.

ENRIQUE. Where are you going?

CARDENOS. Where I please.

ENRIQUE. To bring your men?

CARDENOS. You compel me to do so.

ENRIQUE. You shall not go!—You shall not call them!

ZORAYA. Ah! My God!

CARDENOS. (*Withdrawing to the center of the patio*) Then, there are our special valets who shall help me!

ENRIQUE. (*The same*) You venturesome ruffian!

CARDENOS. Let me go!

ENRIQUE. No!

CARDENOS. I shall call my men!

ENRIQUE. I defy you to do so!

CARDENOS. Help!

ENRIQUE. (*Leaping upon him*) Silence!

CARDENOS. (*Drawing his dagger*) Help!

ENRIQUE. (*Snatching it from him. He seizes CARDENOS by the wrists and throws him to the ground*) Silence! Silence!

CARDENOS. Help!

ENRIQUE. (*Seizing his throat*) You will be silent, demon!

CARDENOS, *suffocated, beats the air with his hands, then falls strangled at the right of*

the steps.

ZORAYA. (*Leaping towards him*) Ah! unfortunate man! What have you done?

ENRIQUE. (*Infuriated, stoops over CARDENOS*) What?—What have I done to him?

ZORAYA. (*Raising his head*) He is dead!

ENRIQUE. (*Frightened*) No!

ZORAYA. See! He is dead, I tell you! See! He is dead! He is dead!

She lets CARDENOS' arms fall back.

ENRIQUE. Is it possible!

ZORAYA. (*Turning her eyes to the foot of the stage*) Be quiet!

They see a lantern passing from one window to another, followed by the sound of the opening of the middle window. Frightened, ZORAYA and ENRIQUE seek refuge on the little stairway, hiding behind a column and clumps of flowers.

RAMIRO. (*Half-clad at the window, leaning in*) Hello! Some one called!—Who is there? (*They hear another window opened opposite the first one*) Is that you, Ginès?

GINÈS. (*Invisible*) Yes, master!

RAMIRO. Did you hear that disturbance—those shouts?

GINÈS. Yes!—They were calls for aid!

RAMIRO. Was it in this house?

GINÈS. More likely in the street—those belated drunkards!

RAMIRO. Dress yourself, awaken Padillo.—We shall see!

He disappears, fastening the window.

ZORAYA. (*Frightened, rising suddenly, in a low voice*) They have gone!

ENRIQUE. Except you, no one has seen me and none can accuse me!

ZORAYA. That is folly!—A man comes to arrest me—who should kill him but you?

ENRIQUE. It is true!—Ah! God, God! Assassin!—Me! me!

ZORAYA. Do not become excited or lament. What is done is done. We shall not await them, shall we?

ENRIQUE. Go then!

ZORAYA. Alone?

ENRIQUE. Go, Zoraya.

ZORAYA. Without you—No!

ENRIQUE. Merciful Heaven! What course shall we take?

ZORAYA. Flight!

ENRIQUE. And where shall we fly to?

ZORAYA. Where I told you!

ENRIQUE. It is dishonorable and my life will be lost!

ZORAYA. Remain! Then you will lose it more quickly!—Come! Come on!—Come!—Come! (*She runs to the street door and opens it. They hear sounds of voices outside and the scraping of guitars. She quickly fastens the door.*) The musicians!

ENRIQUE. In the street?

ZORAYA. (*Despairingly*) If they have come to give the morning serenade, it is for us.

They listen anxiously. The musicians draw near, conversing and laughing, while thumb-

ing their strings.

A MUSICIAN. Shall we serenade Don Enrique Palacios?

ZORAYA *makes a movement of fright.*

ANOTHER. Simpleton!—He cares much for your music at this moment!

Laughter.

ANOTHER. Besides, they did not pay us for serenading him!

Approbations. ENRIQUE *anxiously watches the house from the foot.*

THE OTHER. (*Farther away*) Come, then! Laggards!—Not there, but in the other street.

ALL. Yes! Coming, coming!

They go away making the same sounds with which they came. ENRIQUE *goes toward the foot listening for the valets' return.*

ZORAYA. (*Opening the door cautiously and looking into the street*) They are going farther away.—They have gone round the corner of the house. (*Shortly afterward they hear the distant serenade, a voice singing:*)

Oh! Love is the conqueror

Whose flames devour me!

Open thy heart,

Thy lover implores thee!

(ZORAYA *opens the door and looks relieved*) The street is clear. Come quickly! (*Seeing ENRIQUE, who is searching for something on the floor*) Good God! what are you searching for?

ENRIQUE. His dagger, which he dropped.

He picks it up and runs to the door.

ZORAYA. (*Taking him in her arms*) Ah! yes, yes!—Should they arrest us, you will kill me!

ENRIQUE. Yes, and myself afterward!

ZORAYA. (*Seeing a light at the door of the ground floor, at the foot*) Their voices! Quickly, come quickly!

She and ENRIQUE hurry out. At the same time the door opens and RAMIRO quickly enters with two valets, one of whom carries a lantern. RAMIRO sees the body of CARDENOS, snatches the lantern from the valet's hands and looks at the dead man's face.

ALL THE THREE. Cardenos!

One of the valets, seeing the street door open, runs to it and looks into the street. The other joins him and they spring out, running away and shouting: "Stop those assassins! Stop them! Arrest them!" During this part of the scene, which is very rapid, the serenade continues.

(*Curtain*)

ACT FOUR

SCENE.—*The meeting place of the Tribunal of the Inquisition. It is a low-vaulted chamber with ogive arches, lighted with candles. On the walls are religious paintings. At the foot of the scene is a narrow glazed window. At the right is a large high gate closing the entrance of a corridor leading to the Episcopal palace. On the same side, in the foreground, are seats of the Tribunal. Facing the left are an altar and a wooden Calvary. On the other side of them are an iron door and an arch leading to the jail. Seats and stools are scattered about. It is three o'clock in the morning. At the end of the act dawn begins to light the windows.*

SCENE ONE

The Members of the Tribunal, FRAY EUGENIO CALABAZAS, and FRAY TEOFILO IBARRA, Dominicans, later CLEOFAS, OLIVEIRA, FRAY MIGUEL MOLINA and FRAY HERNANDO ALBORNOS, Franciscans, An Usher of the Tribunal, at the foot of the stage.

As the curtain rises, CALABAZAS, seated, and IBARRA, at the left outside, are discovered

talking in a low voice. CLEOFAS and FRAY
HERNANDO ALBORNOS *enter at the right.*

CLEOFAS. (*Advancing into the scene*) I have slept so well after that excellent feast! Nothing is more injurious to the health than being startlingly awakened during one's first sleep.

ALBORNOS. What business is so urgent that we must convene before daybreak?

CLEOFAS. (*Joining the group at the left*) You Excellencies should have the goodness to tell us.

CALABAZAS. We know no more about it than you.

IBARRA. We were greatly surprised at the morning visit of the agent of the Tribunal. We are here at the special request of His Eminence to consider a pressing and serious matter.

ALBORNOS. Then you have no idea what it is?

IBARRA AND CALABAZAS. None.

CLEOFAS. (*To MOLINA, who enters at right*) And you, my reverend father?

MOLINA. No more than you.

CALABAZAS. In any case, I think, without question, that the two women whom we again examined after vespers are guilty of sorcery.

MOLINA. Moreover, they confessed.

IBARRA. That will simplify the task.

CLEOFAS. (*Seeing OLIVEIRA, who enters at the left*) Is it not the opinion of my excellent colleague, Master Oliveira, that there is not sufficient evidence to condemn them?

All turn toward OLIVEIRA with questioning looks.

OLIVEIRA. Since my very venerable colleague has obliged me to give my humble opinion, I must confess that one of the two women, the one called Afrida, appears to me to be an old fool, who after having been forced to listen to sorcery and witchcraft, is possessed with the idea that she is on intimate terms with a demon. She accepts her dreams and nightmares as realities and every woman and girl whom she knows she accuses of having attended a witches' revel. A dozen of these unfortunates have been placed in our dungeons since yesterday. If we listened to that vixen all of the women of Toledo would be sorceresses—especially the young ones!

CALABAZAS. Has she not a reason for accusing them if she has seen them at these revels?

Murmurs of discreet approbation.

OLIVEIRA. For her to have seen them, my father, it would have been necessary for her to have gone there herself.

IBARRA. She partook in them.

MOLINA. And you doubt that?

OLIVEIRA. For a good reason!—As she pretended, in spite of the confining walls of her dungeons, to be able to attend the revels again, I determined to see for myself whether she was telling the truth. Three times during the night I found her sleeping deeply on the pallet in her cell in the prison. When she awoke she told me all that she thought she had seen at the home of the devil!

ALBORNS. If you were more experienced in these matters, Master Oliveira, you would know that these sorceresses can leave their bodies lying

in their beds and at the same time attend these satanic love-feasts.

Murmurs of approbation.

CLEOFAS. And that in the same body the devil can place one of his imps, who will not change its appearance.

Renewed approbation.

CALABAZAS. And the other sorceress?—This young peasant woman from Torrijos, whom they found in a wood at dawn stretched naked on ground which had been trampled by infernal dances and which was still littered with the remains of an infernal feast and firebrands and ashes—Master Oliveira, do you believe she too is innocent?

OLIVEIRA. I have good cause to believe it!—She is a poor girl from the fields who was seduced by her master, who abandoned her and her child and left them in deep misery. A passing vagrant invited her to go to a witches' meeting where Satan would provide her with plenty of gold. He took her to a nocturnal gathering of beggars and ragamuffins, who with the aid of some rogue put her into a sleep, from which she awakened at dawn with the vague memory of horrible debauchery!—An orgie! Yes! But witches' meeting?—Who will prove it?—

CLEOFAS. The sigillum or stigma Diaboli, Master Oliveira! That mark which the devil makes with his pitchfork, or the horny spots on the bodies of his creatures, such as we have found, you and I, in two places on this girl's skin. Our needles penetrated them without drawing blood and they were not felt.

Murmurs of approval.

OLIVEIRA. I found three on the body of the Superior of the Incarnation, who afterward died in unquestioned sainthood!

He walks toward the foot of the stage, followed by the eyes of the displeased Inquisitors.

CALABAZAS. (*In a low voice*) This surgeon is too much of a reasoner!

CLEOFAS. You need say nothing to me about it!—If they listened to him they would burn no one!

SCENE TWO

THE SAME PERSONS, THEN PADILLA, FOLLOWED BY D'AGUILAR, NOTARY OF THE TRIBUNAL.

PADILLA, *pale and agitated, quickly enters at the left.*

THE USHER. (*Announcing*) His Excellency, the Governor.

All salute PADILLA, who looks about for XIMÉNÈS and stops.

PADILLA. His Eminence is not here?

ALBORNOS. Not yet, Lord Padilla.

PADILLA. I want to see him!—I must speak to him!

He makes a movement to leave.

CALABAZAS. Be pleased to wait for him with us.

PADILLA. Yes! yes! (*To CALABAZAS*) Ah! my father, do you believe it! A gentleman, a

soldier! my son——

*He goes toward the iron door and waits for
XIMÉNÈS. The Inquisitors surround
D'AGUILAR in the foreground.*

MOLINA. (*To D'AGUILAR in a low voice*)
Some misfortune has befallen His Excellency?

D'AGUILAR. (*In a low voice*) Your lord-
ships, then, do not know why you are called to meet
at this hour?

ALL. (*With low voices*) No!—Why? What
is it?—We know nothing about it!

D'AGUILAR. (*The same*) Lord Palacios has
been arrested.

ALL. Arrested!

CALABAZOS. Don Enrique?

D'AGUILAR. For assassinating Cardenos!——

ALL. Good God!—Is it possible! Our Agent!

D'AGUILAR. With the assistance of a woman!
—Both were fleeing towards the river when stopped
by pedestrians, who heard shouts in the distance.
The fugitives were flung to the earth at the en-
trance of an alley. The woman cried to Don
Enrique desperately and in vain: "Kill me! Kill
me!"

CLEOFAS. A Mooress?

D'AGUILAR. Yes.

CLEOFAS. It is Zoraya!

THE USHER. His Eminence!

All turn to the right to salute the Cardinal.

SCENE THREE

THE SAME PERSONS, XIMÉNÈS, GIL ANDRÈS, *Keeper of the Jail*, TWO MONKS, TWO AIDES *to GIL ANDRÈS stand at the entrance of the iron door at the left. Two Franciscan monks watch at the foot of the stage during the act.*

XIMÉNÈS. (*To PADILLA*) God has summoned you to a cruel ordeal, Padilla! I had given to Cardenos orders with the object of sparing you. Who had foreseen this at the hour when I blessed the young couple in the cathedral—your unfortunate daughter?

PADILLA. She has heard nothing about it. I found her in a deep sleep and I ordered them not to awaken her. I would always be too soon to tell her the truth. May God will that at the same time she shall learn that Don Enrique is innocent of the crime with which he is accused!

XIMÉNÈS. No!—He confesses it!

All start.

PADILLA. The assassination?

XIMÉNÈS. Yes!—The assassination, his infamous relation with the Saracen woman and his plan of fleeing to African soil.

All are indignant.

PADILLA. (*After a gesture of despair*) The more monstrous the crime the stronger is the proof that he has lost his reason!

XIMÉNÈS. It is for this, Governor, that I have called this hasty convocation of the Tribunal before

the scandal bursts forth—Toledo must not know at its awakening that a member of the Council of Castile, one honored with royal favor, commander of the archers and crossbowmen of the city, son of a long line of Christians, brave soldier and your son-in-law, has committed such crimes without knowing that he had a right to some explanation—being under the spell of this woman's sorcery—And that is what all say! Where is Gil Andrès?

OLIVEIRA. (*Pointing at Gil Andrès at the foot*) Here, Eminence!

XIMÉNÈS. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Has she spoken some word of confession?

GIL ANDRÈS. None, Eminence. She has said nothing since she asked about Don Enrique. She appeared to care less about her own delivery than about his.

XIMÉNÈS. Is she there?

GIL ANDRÈS. Yes, Your Eminence.

XIMÉNÈS. Go get her! (*GIL ANDRÈS goes out at left with his two aides. To PADILLA*) Your Excellency may sit down. The Tribunal authorizes you to assist in questioning. (*PADILLA bows. The Tribunal is installed. XIMÉNÈS sits on a chair before the other judges. PADILLA is seated at the right on a stool lower than the platform. The notary sits at a little table behind him. The two physicians are seated on stools at the side of the platform near the iron door at the right. All wait.*) My brothers, never more than at this hour had we a better reason for addressing God with our usual prayer: Dominie, auxilium, in reperienda veritate, sit nobis, Spiritus Sanctus, ad ma-

jorem Fidei gloriam.

ALL. Amen!

XIMÉNÈS. Exaudi nos, Domini.

ALL. Amen!

They seat themselves. GIL ANDRÈS opens the iron door at the left.

XIMÉNÈS. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Bring in the Moorress!

ZORAYA is brought in through the iron door. With a gesture GIL ANDRÈS compels her to advance into the middle of the scene where she stops and waits.

SCENE FOUR

THE SAME PERSONS, ZORAYA

XIMÉNÈS. (*To CLEOFAS, who rises and salutes*) Do you wish to speak, Master Cleofas?

CLEOFAS. With the permission of Your Eminence, before the accused is questioned, I should like to inform the Tribunal that, contrary to the royal edict, she has persisted in continuing the damnable Arabian custom of painting her eyelashes, eyelids and eyebrows; and I will wager that her heels and toenails are gilded.

XIMÉNÈS. (*To ZORAYA*) Is this true?

ZORAYA. Yes, Your Eminence.

CLEOFAS *seats himself.*

XIMÉNÈS. Let that pass—And, Rain of Heaven, if she has not greater crimes to expiate! (*To ZORAYA*) Your name?

ZORAYA. Zoraya, daughter of the scholar and

physician, Abou-Abassa.

Ironical gesture from CLEOFAS at the name physician.

XIMÉNÈS. Your father, it appears, was a genuine necromancer?

ZORAYA. That is the calumnious assertion of ignoramuses, who interpret as diabolical everything which surpasses their own knowledge.

XIMÉNÈS. He left you the knowledge of his art of healing?

ZORAYA. Yes, Your Eminence.

XIMÉNÈS. Without magic?

ZORAYA. Yes, without magic.

XIMÉNÈS. You are accused of improper relations with Don Enrique Palacios. The charge is not doubted, as your accomplice has confessed.

ZORAYA. Neither do I deny it.

XIMÉNÈS. You know, of course, that for you awaits the dungeon and for him the galleys!

ZORAYA. Love is stronger than fear!

The Governor rises and salutes XIMÉNÈS.

XIMÉNÈS. You may speak, Governor.

PADILLA. Ramiro has told me about the first meeting of Don Enrique and this woman, who had stolen the body of Kalem. He came to me and confessed something which he had always kept secret out of affection for his master—that Don Enrique was compelled to release this wretch while visibly fascinated by her looks and magic words, which she used to obtain her liberty.

XIMÉNÈS. (*To ZORAYA*) Do you hear that?

The Governor sits down.

ZORAYA. I had recourse to nothing but the usual

attractions of all women.

XIMÉNÈS. And you have not made him mad with love for you with the use of incantations, philters, evil methods?

ZORAYA. With no other philter than my ardent love for him!

XIMÉNÈS. Briefly, you deny being a sorceress?

ZORAYA. If I were one, I should be far from here!

XIMÉNÈS. The Evil One enjoys abandoning his followers during their time of peril. And you are suspected of sorcery for good reasons, being the daughter of a man accused of magic and an unconverted Mussulman—Why have you not renounced Mahomet for Christ?

ZORAYA. I saw that the Christians were no better than we.

Movements among the members of the Tribunal.

XIMÉNÈS. And, naturally, you deny being at a witches' revel?

ZORAYA. Ah! certainly, yes, I deny it! Yes, I deny it!

XIMÉNÈS. You are not, then, afraid to have it proved to you—you defend yourself with such warmth?

ZORAYA. How can I prove my innocence if my denials are taken as confessions?

XIMÉNÈS. We shall see what they are worth. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Bring in the two women who are there. (*To ZORAYA*) You may be seated.

ZORAYA sits down at the left on a seat next to that occupied by CALABAZAS.

SCENE FIVE

THE SAME PERSONS, MANUELA, AFRIDA

GIL ANDRÈS *makes both women enter at the left at the same time. The younger one remains at the foot of the stage between the two aides, while GIL ANDRÈS pushes before him old AFRIDA, whom ZORAYA regards with surprise and disgust.*

XIMÉNÈS. (*To AFRIDA*) Come forward! (*GIL ANDRÈS, with a blow, forces AFRIDA to go forward. To D'AGUILAR*) Write: "Afrida." (*To AFRIDA*) You confessed the other day—(*AFRIDA, without looking at him, makes a sign to him with her left hand to keep silent; with her right hand she makes a trumpet to her ear for listening*) What is this?—Are you mocking us?

GIL ANDRÈS. With your permission, Your Eminence, she is thus frequently seen holding her ear to listen to her favorite demon, whom she calls Verdelet.

XIMÉNÈS. That demon there is very bold to face us in our home! Hello there! woman, dismiss this bad gallant and answer this Tribunal, which was not called for his attendance.

AFRIDA *smiles like an idiot and makes a sign with her hand.*

AFRIDA. Patience!—patience!—There he goes!
She laughs stupidly.

XIMÉNÈS. What are you laughing at, old rascal?

AFRIDA. (*Looking the same*) At the face he made when he went out.

XIMÉNÈS. Take care that you are not seated on a wooden horse! (*She attempts to speak*) Enough of those mummeries. You confessed the other day of practising evil acts upon your neighbors, causing their children and fowls to die, of setting fire to their roofs and sending hail upon their fields.

AFRIDA. To avenge myself upon those who were happier than I.

XIMÉNÈS. You confessed to being at a nocturnal revelry attended by witches, did you not?

AFRIDA. Oh! I have often been (*counting on her fingers*) more than thirty times.

XIMÉNÈS. By what power do you go?

AFRIDA. The black sheep or the large red cat, which come to take me from my bed while I sleep—And then, Gee-up! gee-up! across the fields, accompanied by the sound of bells to where they are assembling. There the great devil Astaroth, on seeing me, says: "Ah! here is my little Afrida! Come, mignon, come here that I may pet you!" For she loves me above all and always says: "Go, fear nothing, my little chicken. If they want to burn you, I shall drag away the wood before all the world. And we shall laugh then. Oh! we shall laugh well! Ah! how we shall laugh then!"

She writhes and chokes with laughter, after being seated on a step at the foot of XIMÉNÈS.

XIMÉNÈS. Yes, yes! we laugh! That is admitted!—And those whom you accuse of having been at the revel with you—will Astaroth also save them from the fire?

AFRIDA. (*Hatefully*) Oh! those who have treated me like an old fool, those who are young and togged out, I shall surely let them burn on your fire, while Astaroth carries me away!

XIMÉNÈS. Turn your eyes a little to that side (*indicating to her ZORAYA*) and look at that woman. (*She rises, pointing to ZORAYA*) Yes, she there!—Does she not remind you of something?

AFRIDA. (*Approaching ZORAYA and leaning over her*) Yes!—I have seen that nose there somewhere! Raise your eyes a little, beautiful! What makes you dislike to see me—(*Suddenly*) Yes! yes! I remember her!—Here is one of them!—

XIMÉNÈS. One of whom?

AFRIDA. One of those from below, there!—One of those who danced at the witches' revel!

ZORAYA. (*Indignant, rising*) Me? Me?

AFRIDA. Yes, you! Do not now become a straight-laced prude; I have seen you as clearly as I see you now—carousing with us!—

ZORAYA. But, you lie, you wretch!—You lie!—Do not believe such execrable foolishness!

AFRIDA. (*Furious*) Foolishness!—Ah! you treat me as a fool, also!—Yes, my lords, yes, I have seen her, I tell you; I have seen her enraptured in the arms of a goat-headed devil!

ZORAYA. Oh! it is false! It is false!

AFRIDA. (*Following her in the scene and walking round her*) Go! go! You were given by the Evil One to be rich and beautiful! You will be roasted, my girl! (*Laughing*) Roasted, those beautiful eyes so fiery!—roasted your skin so white, which all the men want to cling to—roasted all

that, roasted, roasted!

At a motion from XIMÉNÈS, she goes out, crying, following by GIL ANDRÈS.

SCENE SIX

THE SAME, WITHOUT AFRIDA

ZORAYA. Ah! the horrible old woman!—

XIMÉNÈS. An insult is not a reply!—She affirms; you deny. The accusation stands. And the Tribunal judges. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Bring the other. (*They make come forward MANUELA, who is weak and trembling with fright*) You, also, you have confessed it!—You have gone to the witches' revels?

MANUELA. Only once, Your Eminence—Only once! Mercy!

XIMÉNÈS. That is once too often!

MANUELA. I was so unfortunate!—My employer drove me from his home when he discovered that I was to become a mother—for he was the father of the child. I was too weak to work in the fields and no one would keep me because my poor baby, which I nourished with my thin milk, was so hungry that it cried all of the time!—Ah! I have never known anything but shame and misery!—I have prayed fervently to God—He has done nothing for me—Then—Ah! my benevolent lords!—(*She falls upon her knees on the steps before XIMÉNÈS and weeps*) Have pity!—I have harmed no one!—And I am punished enough now!

XIMÉNÈS. (*Severely*) What else?

MANUELA. Then—a gypsy woman, who saw me on my knees before a cross on the road where I had been begging, said to me: “You are foolish enough to address that object, which helps only the happy ones of this world! Charity for the poor comes only from the Other One!—Come! go home with me and you will see for yourself. He loves the jolly girls and will give you an apron full of gold!”

XIMÉNÈS. And you went to the home of the Other One?

MANUELA. That night—after having left my child with a woman as poor as myself—the gypsy woman conducted me into a wood where many men and bad women were feasting round a fire!—They gave me food and drink and more and more of—I know not what kind of liquor—until I became like a fool!—And after!—Ah! God, no, oh! no, I cannot relate that!—In the morning I lay asleep on the ground, poorer than before, for my miserable, ragged clothes were gone! The archers threw me into a dungeon, where I have done nothing but shed tears day and night, thinking of my poor little baby! I do not know what has become of that! They will not tell me! (*Sobbing*) Ah! my good lords, do not make me more miserable! If they intend to burn me, why should I not be the first one selected from those doomed to die?

XIMÉNÈS. Raise your head—and look at this woman. (*MANUELA obeys*) Do you recognize her as one of those who attended the witches’ revel?

MANUELA. (*After looking at ZORAYA*) No,

no, Your Eminence.

XIMÉNÈS. Look at her carefully. And remember that you will receive some consideration if you answer frankly.

ZORAYA. (*Going to her*) Yes, look at me.

MANUELA. (*Trembling after looking at ZORAYA*) They made me drunk—I had no reason left—I do not remember clearly!—

XIMÉNÈS. Are you afraid that she will avenge herself?—She cannot harm you!—Then, confess that you saw her at this diabolical feast!

MANUELA. (*With the same voice*) I cannot remember!

XIMÉNÈS. Take care, for we have sure methods for refreshing your memory.

MANUELA. Have mercy, my lord!—I am telling the truth!

XIMÉNÈS. No!—You recognize her, but will not admit it!

MANUELA. Should I accuse an innocent one!—condemn her without being certain?—I shall lose my soul!

XIMÉNÈS. The safety of your soul depends upon us—as does that of your body!—Then, you have seen her, have you not?

MANUELA. I am not certain!—

XIMÉNÈS. (*With the same voice*) Andrès!

MANUELA. (*Frightened, between his knees*) No, no! Have mercy!—mercy! Do nothing more to me!

XIMÉNÈS. (*Very sternly*) Do you recognize her?

MANUELA. (*In tears*) Yes, yes! I know her!

—I recognize her! (*Falling on her knees at ZORAYA'S feet*) Ah! pardon, pardon me!—I am too weak!

ZORAYA. (*Very much moved*) Yes, poor girl, yes! I pardon you!

XIMÉNÈS. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Take her away!

GIL ANDRÈS *raises MANUELA and leads her away, sobbing.*

SCENE EIGHT

THE SAME PERSONS, WITHOUT MANUELA

XIMÉNÈS. (*To ZORAYA*) Here is more testimony against you.

ZORAYA. (*Indignant*) Testimony!—of that unfortunate girl!

XIMÉNÈS. According to her own confessions!—

ZORAYA. Ah! her confessions!—made under the threats of your tortures! (*Movements among the members of the Tribunal*) You can find whatever pleases you with the aid of him, there. (*She points to GIL ANDRÈS*) You can convict with false testimony and you can make innocent ones confess crimes which they never committed. You, yourself, Bishop, under torture would admit going to a witches' meeting!

The Inquisitors make movements of astonishment.

XIMÉNÈS. (*Calmly*) It is not likely that I shall have occasion to submit to such a trial!—Prove to us that these women have lied!

ZORAYA. And how do you want me to prove it?—Is it possible for me to do so?—You, can you prove to me that these women are telling the truth?

XIMÉNÈS. That is the opinion of the Tribunal.

ZORAYA. Then all of them say that I must be found guilty at any price. That could be done in a quicker and less cowardly manner.

Murmurs of indignation from the Inquisitors.

XIMÉNÈS. Do you mean to defy us?

ZORAYA. Yes, I defy all of you! If I am to be condemned before I have an opportunity to defend myself, I shall have, at least, the pleasure of shouting my hatred to this Tribunal of the Church, which instead of being more human than those who believe in other religions, is more ferocious!

Exclamations from the Tribunal.

CALABAZAS. Your hatred, villainous Mooress!

ZORAYA. Yes, my hatred!—Yes, I abhor you!—I abhor you!—Priests!—who set upon a vanquished people like jackals upon the bodies of the dead after the battle!

Protestations from the Tribunal.

XIMÉNÈS. Let her alone!—her lips are betraying the disease from which she is suffering.

ZORAYA. All the humiliations and sorrows of defeat—we have known them. They have changed our mosques into churches, our courts into kennels, our schools into stables! They have broken our aqueducts, drained our fish-ponds, burned our mills and wine-presses, cut down our orchards and made such a desert of the flowery plain of Granada that a bee cannot gather honey upon it! But that was not enough for us—we must have misery, famine

and the brutality of soldiers! There must be refined cruelty at least, so you invented the Inquisition.—Thanks to that, you can assure yourselves with joyful hearts that we are punished like hardened heathens, that we perish in your oubliettes and that we are burned alive in the name of your Savior, who taught only mercy and goodness! (*Pointing to the Calvary*) And, that prophet—your God!—crucified by the Inquisitors of his time!—A martyr, whom you make an executioner! (*There is a movement of protest among the Inquisitors, two of whom rise indignantly. ZORAYA turns toward the Christ on the Calvary and addresses it*) God of the Christians!—They have nailed thy feet and thy hands, so that thou canst not come to the aid of the unfortunate! But, if thou canst not tear thyself from the cross, cry at least unto these infamous judges that they need not look elsewhere for Hell and the gathering of witches—Here is the Hell where they sacrifice human creatures, where they offer to thee as hymns the lamentations of the tortured, and as incense the smell of burning flesh! Here is Hell, Hell with its furnaces, Hell with its damned, Hell! Hell! with its demons!

She falls choking and weeping upon the seat at left. The Inquisitors, protesting, rise and advance into the middle of the scene, all speaking at the same time.

ALL. Blasphemy!—Blasphemy!

ALFONSO. Shall we let this Saracen continue to insult the Tribunal?

CALABAZAS. And the Church!

IBARRA. The sentence!—Eminence! the sen-

tence!

XIMÉNÈS. (*Who remains seated*) Be calm!—She is not alone a blasphemer to the Governor and me.—She is a sorceress!

ALBORNOS. That has been proven!

XIMÉNÈS. Not yet. I must have more testimony in the form of a confession.

PADILLA. Then torture her!

XIMÉNÈS. This woman?—All of our torments would not wrest one word from her.

ALL. What other means will you use, Eminence?

XIMÉNÈS. (*Rising*) Then!—(*Loud enough for ZORAYA to hear him*) We shall question her accomplice (*ZORAYA starts*) and ask him to explain the reason for the murder of Cardenos, which he confesses, and (*ZORAYA again starts*) why this woman was in his house on such a night.

ZORAYA. In spite of that he!—(*She rises quickly.*)

XIMÉNÈS. It is not for you to plead his case!—

ZORAYA. (*Quickly, going to XIMÉNÈS*) Yes, yes! it is I! (*XIMÉNÈS makes a sign to GIL ANDRÈS.*) Wait!—Oh! wait, wait, then! (*ANDRÈS stops.*) It is only I who can explain for him!—He was maddened by my tears, my reproaches, my furious jealousy!—The other arrived and insulted me—then, in the height of his rage!—Ah!—that crime—I am more guilty than he! Would he have killed him, had I not been there?

All of the Inquisitors advance and group themselves at her left.

XIMÉNÈS. (*Quickly going to her*) Then you wish to convince us that this murder is your work?

ZORAYA. Yes, it is my work!

XIMÉNÈS. It is you who caused this unfortunate man to become an assassin?

ZORAYA. It is I!—It is I!

XIMÉNÈS. And by his flight, a deserter and a renegade?

ZORAYA. Yes! yes!—It is I!—It is I!

XIMÉNÈS. And is that not enough, wretched woman! It must be that you are bent upon his utter ruin!

ZORAYA. I?

XIMÉNÈS. For you have condemned him to death!

PADILLA. Without pity, too!

ZORAYA. (*Going to PADILLA. XIMÉNÈS is at her right, PADILLA at her left. ALBORNOS and IBARRA stand behind her.*) Oh! how horrible! I would give my flesh and blood to save him!

XIMÉNÈS. No!—You can do that with one word!—And you are too obstinate to speak it!

ZORAYA. One word?

PADILLA. Tell the truth!

ZORAYA. But, I told it!—I told the truth!

XIMÉNÈS. (*Whispering in her ear*) No!—there is one thing which you have not admitted—one thing, alone—which will make him innocent of all crime!

PADILLA. And save him from all punishment!

XIMÉNÈS. The cause of his madness!

PADILLA. Madness due to your witchcraft!

ALBORNOS. And your philters!

XIMÉNÈS. And your poisons!

All are silent for an instant, during which

ZORAYA looks at them stupefied.

ZORAYA. Ah! I understand!—I understand! (*The Inquisitors are silent*) You want me to save him? Yes, it is true! It is true! If I have made him mad with some kind of a philter, he is unconscious of his acts! He is not guilty! He is more my accomplice! He is my victim! That is what you want, is it not?—Is it not?

XIMÉNÈS. And he escapes execution.

PADILLA. He will be sent to the galleys!

XIMÉNÈS. To prison!

ZORAYA. (*Quickly*) He is free?

XIMÉNÈS AND PADILLA. Yes.

ZORAYA. Ah! say so, then!—say it, then! On that condition, yes! on that condition! I will confess to whatever you wish!—(*Movement of satisfaction among the Inquisitors.*) But, when will you set him at liberty?

XIMÉNÈS AND PADILLA. On the spot!

ZORAYA. Then! Quickly! quickly!—Tell me what I must say!

XIMÉNÈS *returns quickly to his seat. Between two guards, ENRIQUE appears at the iron door. PADILLA makes him advance to the left out of sight of ZORAYA, whom the Inquisitors surround, seated and standing. The clock writes. All this takes place rapidly.*

XIMÉNÈS. (*Leaning toward ZORAYA*) You confess of your own free will and with repentance that you compelled Enrique Palacios to love you

madly——

PADILLA. (*To ENRIQUE, in a low voice*) Do you hear that?

XIMÉNÈS. And that while infatuated he was guilty of crimes of which he had no knowledge, that his conduct was caused by philters you had given him and by enchantments and other tricks of the black art!

ZORAYA. (*Quickly*) Yes! yes! I confess it!

XIMÉNÈS. You confess?——

ZORAYA. Oh! is not that enough?

XIMÉNÈS. And that you went to the witches' dance?

ZORAYA. Yes! yes! I confess.

PADILLA *restrains ENRIQUE from moving forward.*

XIMÉNÈS. That you have taken part in diabolical feasts and obscene dances?

ZORAYA. Yes!

ENRIQUE *again attempts to go forward.*

XIMÉNÈS. And that you gave up your body to the lusts of all present, sorcerers and demons?

ZORAYA. Yes! yes!

ENRIQUE. (*Restrained by PADILLA and GIL ANDRÈS*) Ah! accursed one!

ZORAYA. (*Turning*) Him! Oh! (*She attempts to rush to him, but others prevent her.*) No! Do not believe that! My Enrique! Not that! not that!—Do not believe it!

ENRIQUE. Away from me, prostitute of Hell!

PADILLA *pushes him to the door.*

ZORAYA. I have lied!—It is false! It is false!

XIMÉNÈS. (*Sternly*) It is false! Detain that

man! (*The guards step before ENRIQUE. To ZORAYA.*) Is it false?

ZORAYA. No! no!—It is true!—I confess! I confess! It is true!

She falls upon the steps exhausted. PADILLA drags ENRIQUE out of the door at right.

XIMÉNÈS. We shall burn her after vespers!

(*Curtain*)

ACT FIVE

SCENE—*Before the Door of the Lions of the Cathedral of Toledo. At the right, the portal in front of which are a number of steps. In the foreground, an alley. There are two other alleys: one very narrow, but passable, leads obliquely past the church; the other, at the left, faces the scene, is wider and sloping. At the left, in the foreground, is a house beyond which is a street and a pyre for burning victims. It is near the close of day and the heavens are red with the glow of the setting sun. Two archers guard the pyre. Two others stand at the entrances of the alleys at the foot of the stage.*

SCENE ONE

DOÑA RUFINA, DOÑA SYRENA, RAMIRO, RIOUBOS, VELASCO, AMBROSIO, CRISTOBOL, TORILLO, LATER CLEOFAS, PEOPLE, MONKS, SOLDIERS, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

There are few persons in the scene, with the exception of some men conversing near the doors. A group of gentlemen, among them CRISTOBOL, VELASCO and RIOUBOS, enter from the alley at the foot of the scene and

stop to look at the pyre. DOÑA SERAFINA, DOÑA RUFINA and DOÑA SYRENA, preceded by RAMIRO, enter from the other alley at the same time that DON AMBROSIO and DOÑA FABIA come out of the house at the left. Men, women and children are coming out of the Cathedral.

RAMIRO. Here is the pyre!

DOÑA RUFINA. They intend to burn her to-night, do they not?

RAMIRO. In a short time, Señoras—have patience. I have seen them come out of the prison.

After examining the pyre, they join FABIA and AMBROSIO in front of the house.

DOÑA SYRENA. (*To RAMIRO*) Is there anything new concerning Don Enrique?

RAMIRO. Yes, good news!—His Lordship is free!

DOÑA RUFINA AND DOÑA SYRENA. Ah! so much the better!

RAMIRO. His Eminence has gone to carry the news to the king, leaving, as always, his business in secular hands—that is to say, leaving His Excellency, the Governor, the task of fulfilling the sentence:—for the Church will not spill blood!

DOÑA SYRENA. Where is Don Enrique?

RAMIRO. At this moment, I do not know. (*CLEOFAS comes out of the church with two persons, who salute him and bow.*) Here is Cleofas coming out of the church. He will tell you. (*He calls.*) Master Cleofas!

CLEOFAS. Ah! at your service! (*He ap-*

proaches.) Charming ladies!—

DOÑA RUFINA. We were speaking of Don Enrique.

DOÑA SYRENA. Saved, by the grace of God!

AMBROSIO. Was he released without punishment?

The young men form in groups round CLEOFAS and the others in the foreground at the left.

CLEOFAS. Pardoned!—This evening he will enter the Franciscan cloisters to do penance for three months. He will live on bread and water, wear hair-cloth and sleep on cinders.

DOÑA RUFINA. That is a jolly honeymoon!

DOÑA FABIA. And what does his young wife say?

CLEOFAS. Doña Joana?

DOÑA FABIA AND DOÑA RUFINA. Yes.

CLEOFAS. She says nothing! Since yesterday she has been in such a deep sleep that they cannot awaken her.

ALL. (*Turning*) Since yesterday! Is that possible!

CLEOFAS. His Excellency, the Governor, was rejoicing this morning because his daughter knew nothing of what had happened during the night. But they are now very much concerned. She had these sleeps in the convent. But this is a longer sleep than the others, they say. Cleofas is the only one to work over her.

ALL. Naturally.

CLEOFAS. Naturally!—I cannot make her show a sign of awakening.

ALL. Ah!

CLEOFAS. Pinchings, prickings! I have tried everything except the red-hot iron, to which His Excellency objects! Pain has vanished! As the Mooress has bewitched the poor child, my art is ineffective. I have advised the only effective remedy: exorcism in the same church, before the highest altar. (*They hear the chants of young girls.*) His Excellency and Don Enrique have had the patient carried into it—and they are praying that the demon which possesses her will be chased away. Master Oliveira, whom I left there, will be likely to profit and become an exorciser himself.

He salutes and takes leave.

DOÑA RUFINA. And you are going?

DOÑA SYRENA. Without seeing them burn the Sorceress?

CLEOFAS. Pooh! I have seen such things as those so often that I no longer find them tasteful.

He leaves by the alley at the right. The others, grouped at the left, look at DON ENRIQUE, who comes out of the church and slowly descends the steps.

SCENE TWO

THE SAME, WITHOUT CLEOFAS. DON ENRIQUE,
RAMIRO, TORILLO

ENRIQUE. (*Calling RAMIRO, who is giving some orders to his archers*) Ramiro!

RAMIRO. (*Turning and quickly going to him*)

Ah! my lord! What a relief your deliverance is to those who love you! (*He kisses his hand.*) And what joy you, yourself, must feel!

ENRIQUE. I am very sad, Ramiro, at the sight of the pyre.

RAMIRO. Has Your Honor not come to await the arrival of this creature?

ENRIQUE. Guilty as she is, I have loved her too well not to pity her. Tell Torillo to come here and consult with me. (*RAMIRO speaks in a low tone to TORILLO. The songs in the church cease. RAMIRO goes to the archers. TORILLO goes to ENRIQUE in the foreground.*) Are you the person who compels the condemned ones to mount the pyres?

TORILLO. Yes, my lord, and I also light the fires.

ENRIQUE. How can you sleep after doing such work?

TORILLO. From habit.

ENRIQUE. You often save the victims from the horror of being burned alive, do you not?

TORILLO. Yes, when the Holy Tribunal gives orders to strangle them and attach them to the stake!

ENRIQUE. You have not received such an order for her?

TORILLO. No, my lord.

ENRIQUE. They tell me that the parents or friends of the condemned frequently ask such a favor of you?

TORILLO. It is true, my lord.

ENRIQUE. And do you consent to give it?

TORILLO. For charity.

ENRIQUE. And for your own advantage, also?

TORILLO. Those are my little profits.

ENRIQUE. That must be done for her.—What price have you set upon such concessions?

TORILLO. I shall leave that to the judgment of Your Grace. But, being an honest man, I must tell you that a similar request has been made.

ENRIQUE. By whom?

TORILLO. By a woman-servant, she told me, in the service of the condemned.

ENRIQUE. Aisha?

TORILLO. I do not know.

ENRIQUE. Has she paid you?

TORILLO. She has given me ten ducats for agreeing to give to the Mooress a little waxen pill the instant that I untie her hands for public penance.

ENRIQUE. Yes! yes! I understand!—You have consented?

TORILLO. I promised without fully deciding to do so! But, now that Your Grace desires it also——

ENRIQUE. Ah! God, yes!—and you shall have a thousand ducats tomorrow!

TORILLO. The bargain is concluded, señor.

He turns to go.

ENRIQUE. (*Detaining him with a gesture*) But how can you prove to me that you will keep your promise?

TORILLO. Because the victim will not utter a cry when I set fire to the pyre; if she restrains then she is dead.

ENRIQUE. If she is unable to utter a cry, or a groan, I will double the sum.

TORILLO. The bargain is settled, my lord.

He salutes and goes away. ENRIQUE turns to enter the church. Bells begin to toll. The assistants go to the foot of the stage to await the arrival of the procession. In the distance are heard sounds of the mob preceding the condemned.

ENRIQUE. (*With eyes turned toward the upper street*) Is that you, Oliveira?—Doña Joana?

OLIVEIRA. The same all of the time. (*The distant noises are approaching.*) Here comes that unfortunate woman.

ENRIQUE. Yes! it is she!—Ah, Oliveira, who could believe, if she had not confessed it herself, that this exquisite creature is a detestable magician?

OLIVIERA. (*In a low voice*) Oh! her confessions! (*ENRIQUE, surprised, turns and looks at him.*) Don Enrique, you are a man who can rely on himself. When night comes, I shall leave Toledo for I have much to fear because I have expressed myself too frankly concerning this poor woman, who is no more a sorceress than we are magicians, you and me!

ENRIQUE. (*Troubled*) Is it possible!—But her confessions, her confessions?

OLIVEIRA. They wrung them from her when they promised your freedom, her sorcery giving you an excuse.

ENRIQUE. And when she cried to me: "It is false! It is false!"——

The sounds come nearer.

OLIVEIRA. She, you see, had condemned herself to the stake!

ENRIQUE. Oh! brute that I am!—I have not understood!

OLIVEIRA. (*Trying to calm him*) Be careful!

ENRIQUE. Must I be a coward!—I could hack myself into pieces!

OLIVEIRA. (*Holding him*) In God's name, do nothing foolish! There remains one more chance for you.

ENRIQUE. (*Quickly*) Joana?

OLIVEIRA. Yes!—Be careful, or they will hear us!

At this instant the mob invades the place from all sides. The people are impatient and unruly and the archers rush in from the upper street, shouting, and restrain them. The cathedral door opens wide. CALABAZAS, ALBORNOS, IBARRA and MOLINA come out, followed by other Franciscan and Dominican monks, who group themselves under the portal, while a funeral march is played on the organ. The bells continue to toll. OLIVEIRA quickly leaves by one of the streets. ENRIQUE crosses the scene and disappears in the crowd. The archers have great difficulty in keeping open a passage for the procession, which slowly enters from the upper street. The clamors of the mob are redoubled. Six archers of the Inquisition, dressed in black, lead the cortège, followed by six Franciscan monks carrying candles and murmuring prayers. Then ap-

pear two lantern-bearers, followed by a porter carrying a figure of Christ shaded by a small black dais, and ZORAYA with hands tied and dressed in san-benito. GIL ANDRÈS and his two assistants follow. Behind them come four Franciscan monks carrying torches. The archers and the monks arrange themselves at the left in the foreground. The lantern-bearers and the porter carrying the crucifix stop before the pyre. ZORAYA, escorted by GIL ANDRÈS and his aides, halts in front of the portal. While the procession is marching, the bells ring, the organ plays and the mob hurls insults at the condemned woman.

SCENE THREE

THE SAME PERSONS, ZORAYA, CALABAZAS, ALBOR-
NOS, IBARRA, MOLINA, AFTERWARD PADILLA.

At a gesture from CALABAZAS, ZORAYA stops, the bells stop ringing, the mob becomes quiet. Indistinct organ music is heard.

CALABAZAS. (*Standing at the head of the steps*) Woman, the Inquisition has delivered you over for punishment to Toledo. Before you are purified by fire, make a public penance on your knees, torch in hand. (*TORILLA unties ZORAYA's hand.*) And ask pardon for your crimes from God, from the Church and from the King.

GIL ANDRÈS *presents the torch to ZORAYA.*

ZORAYA. (*Spurning the torch*) Ask pardon yourself, priest, for the crime which you are about to commit.

Murmurs from the crowd and the priests.

CALABAZAS. (*To GIL ANDRÈS*) Do your duty!

When GIL ANDRÈS and his men attempt to lead ZORAYA away ENRIQUE rushes into the scene. All stop instantly when PADILLA, in the church, cries "Wait!" He enters.

SCENE FOUR

THE SAME PERSONS, PADILLA, ENRIQUE

PADILLA. (*Coming quickly out of the church with ENRIQUE*) Stop! (*The organ ceases to play. Songs of young girls are heard in the church.*) Is it you, sorceress, who have plunged my daughter into this awful sleep from which even the prayers of the church cannot rouse her?

ZORAYA. It is I! (*Exclamations from the crowd.*) And I alone can bring her out of it.

More exclamations from the crowd.

PADILLA. Do it then, demon!

ZORAYA. Obey you?—No!

PADILLA. I will force you to do it!

ZORAYA. You cannot burn me twice!

PADILLA. Ah! wretch!

ZORAYA. Like these monks you have had no pity for me! You added to my tortures by bring-

ing my lover to hear me. Now, I will torture you by means of your daughter. Invoke these priests, ring your bells, swing your censers! Chant your canticles! She will awaken only at the sound of my voice! When my body is burned to ashes, she sleeps her last sleep.

Murmurs of indignation from the crowd.

ZORAYA makes a movement to go to the stake.

PADILLA. (*Descending the steps furiously*) Seize her! (*The gaolers move toward her.*) No! Wait! (*He motions them back.*) Wait! (*To ZORAYA.*) Ah! Wretch, I am at your mercy!—Is it a pardon and freedom that you want?

ZORAYA. No! life would be only full of sorrow for me! I prefer death, which will give me an opportunity for revenge!

ENRIQUE. (*Standing between ZORAYA and the pyre*) No! No! Do not use her for revenge. And, in exchange for the life, which you will save, I give you mine—give him his daughter!

ZORAYA. Ah! poor man, who implores of me a favor for this official—if you could know——

ENRIQUE. (*In a low voice*) I know all!——

ZORAYA. (*Looking into his eyes, trembling*) Oh!

ENRIQUE. (*Tenderly*) All!—And it is for the life of this innocent girl that I want your own—Zoraya!

ZORAYA. (*Moved by his accent*) Ah! that word is enough!—This time I have recognized your voice!—Very well, if the governor promises to pardon me.

PADILLA. Absolutely!

ZORAYA. On your oath!

Mutterings from the crowd.

PADILLA. Before God!

Louder mutterings.

ZORAYA. I am ready!

ENRIQUE. Come, then!

He turns to enter the church. The Inquisitors at the entrance bar his way.

CALABAZAS. The sorceress cannot cross the threshold of the church!

PADILLA. Very well!—They can bring my child here!

CALABAZAS AND THE INQUISITORS. Governor——

PADILLA. I will be obeyed!

He starts for the doorway. ENRIQUE rushes into the church. CALABAZAS and the other Inquisitors surround PADILLA, while ZORAYA removes her cloak.

CALABAZAS. Padilla!—Such a bargain with this woman!

ALBORNOS. It is a compact with a demon!

PADILLA. My daughter! I want my daughter!

MOLINA. Do you want her before going to Hell, yourself?

PADILLA. If that is the price!—Give her to me!

IBARRA. There goes the salvation of your soul!

PADILLA. The salvation of my daughter!

CALABAZAS. It were better that she should die!

PADILLA. Ah! priests, you have no children!

But the King is a father, he—he will understand me!

Four girls from the convent of Mercy come out of the church followed by two nuns, ENRIQUE and FATOUM, conducting lackeys wearing PADILLA'S livery, who carry a kind of easy chair in which JOANA is sleeping under a mantle of rich material ornamented with white flowers. The chair is deposited at the foot of the steps. The crowd, murmuring with interest and curiosity, draws near. Far in the church women are singing a canticle. Profound silence follows. All the assistants go forward, stretching their necks to see the women of the first rank. The nuns, the young girls, and FATOUM and PADILLA on their knees, are under the portal. To the right, at the entrance of the alley, are AISHA and ZAGUIR, who witnessed ZORAYA'S arrival. ZORAYA stands on the steps behind JOANA and raises her face to the crowd. They see the young girl pale as death, her eyes closed. ENRIQUE stands at the left, apart from the others.

ZORAYA. (*Putting her fingers on JOANA'S eyelids, then upon her head*) Joana! Joana! (*JOANA moves. ZORAYA breathes on her forehead.*) Awaken! (*With authority.*) I want you to!—(*JOANA moves with effort and opens her eyes. Murmurs from the assistants.*) Arise!

With ZORAYA'S aid JOANA raises herself, puts her feet on the ground and stands. Clamors

of admiration from the crowd. JOANA looks about with surprise.

JOANA. Where am I? (*She sees ZORAYA.*)
The Mooress!—Fatoum!—My sisters!

PADILLA. Joana!

JOANA. My father!

She throws herself into his arms. Exclamations from the crowd.

THE PEOPLE. A miracle! A miracle!

CALABAZAS. (*Forcibly*) Silence, people!
(*The crowd is intimidated.*) No miracle is performed by Satan!

PADILLA. (*At the head of the steps*) Go and thank God! (*He places JOANA in the hands of the nuns, who conduct her into the church. He turns to ZORAYA.*) Go in peace, Zoraya! And all of you let the Mooress depart. She is free! (*To RAMIRO.*) Ramiro, see her safely home!

He enters the church followed by the Inquisitors. The organs intone the Te Deum.

ENRIQUE, under the portal, exchanges a look of farewell with ZORAYA, who lingers, crossing to the alley. Before her, the crowd draws back in fright and spreads out at the entrance of the alley to let her pass. The monks quickly cross the scene and bar her egress. ZORAYA turns to leave by the other street, but other monks quickly prevent her. All round her is a line of monks.

A MONK. Christians! are you going to let this daughter of Hell go free?

ALL. No! No!

They crowd upon ZORAYA, who retreats to—

ward the church. ENRIQUE, who has seen the movement and heard the words, steps between her and the monks.

ENRIQUE. Out of here, monks!—Make way!

THE MONKS. No! No! Seize the sorceress!

THE CROWD. Upon the sorceress!

The departing crowd, stopped by the movements of the monks, makes a threatening circle, which advances upon ENRIQUE and ZORAYA, who retreat toward the portal of the church.

ENRIQUE. You cowardly wretches!

He draws his sword, which checks them for an instant.

A MONK. Palacios! You will not go free a second time!

ENRIQUE. Ramiro! Arias! My archers, help me!

Instead of responding to ENRIQUE'S call for assistance, RAMIRO, ARIAS and the archers join the crowd and shout.

ALL. (Encouraged by this move) To the stake! To the stake with the sorceress!

ZORAYA. (Taking refuge above the steps of the church, then under the portal) They will kill you—Save yourself!

ENRIQUE. (Covering his retreat, sword in hand) Go into the church!—into the church!

ZORAYA runs to the closed door, which she shakes in vain.

ZORAYA. Open! Open for us!

No response is heard except singing and organ music. The mob laughs.

THE CROWD. (*Howling and drawing nearer*)
Death!—to the death!

ENRIQUE *meanwhile, facing his assailants, finds himself on the steps. ZORAYA is behind him.*

ENRIQUE. Ah! Infamous villains!

RAMIRO. (*Holding back the archers*) My lord, we do not want to harm you, but give us that woman!

ENRIQUE. No, ruffians!

THE CROWD. To the death!

A MAN IN THE CROWD. (*To TORILLO*) Executioner, prepare your pyre. We shall burn the sorceress in spite of him!

THE CROWD. Yes! Yes!

All turn to look at TORILLO and the stake.

ZORAYA. (*Seeing no one looking at her and ENRIQUE*) Here they will kill both of us—Will you not save yourself?

ENRIQUE. To me life among such brutes would be horrible!

ZORAYA. Then a last kiss!—Give me your lips!—

She puts between her teeth the wax pill. Their lips join. TORILLO appears at the pyre, torch in hand, amid shouts of approval from the crowd, which turns menacingly towards ZORAYA and ENRIQUE. Suddenly ENRIQUE falls and rolls down the steps of the church, causing the mob to recoil with exclamations of astonishment.

RAMIRO. (*Seeing ZORAYA, who has fallen, on her knees beside ENRIQUE*) To the stake with her!

The sorceress still lives!

He starts toward her.
ZORAYA. (*Partly rising*) Too late, wild
beast!

She falls and dies.
ALL. To the stake with her body! To the
stake!

(*Curtain*)

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